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### ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

BY ETHEL.

The winds upon the wave are sleeping,
And softly murmureth the sea;
The stars in heaven's blue canopy
With the bright moon, their watch are keeping,

And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars, and spears
Of sails, close-reefed upon the shipping.

And from the darkness of the city,
As from a weary heart, doth come
The wail of a regretful hum,
That wakes an answering sigh of pity.

For cold with care, a child of sorrow
Kneels down to meet the cruel wave:
Alack! it were a peaceful grave,
It were a lovable to-morrow!

Anon a hand is raised above her,
And in sad melody, a prayer
Goes upward—up the altar stair,
For maiden frail and faithless lover.

The lights beside the water shiver,
The sails close-reefed shake on the mast,
As slowly, slowly goeth past
A sweet white face adown the river.

In tangling mass the hair is streaming,
That lately curled in pride of love,
The sightless eyes are fixed above,
Wide open, blind to moonlight beaming.

And cast adrift and unforgiven,
Ye say that soul will be at last,
That love is lost, that heaven will blast;
Ah! nought know ye of love or heaven.

# "SHIP AHOY!"

## A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### HOW MAY HALLEY KNEW SHE HAD A HEART.

POOR Mrs. Gurnett! her heart was as fresh, and fair, and sound as it had been twenty years before. She rose from her knees at the end of five minutes, went upstairs and bathed her face, put on her bonnet and shawl, and set off for Canonbury where she was received with great dignity by the drab footman, who condescended to let the plump old lady wait in the hall while he finished arranging some part of his work in the dining-room, after which he sent word up by the lady's-maid, that "a person" wanted to see Miss May; and was horribly scandalised at the maid fetching the stout, common woman up to Miss May's bedroom.

Such a nest! It was more like a boudoir than a bed-room, with its light paper of white and gold, floral chints hangings, and water-color paintings, the work of her own hand. There was a bird too in the window, that rippled forth the sweetest trills of song, as it held its head from side to side, ruffled the feathers of its throat, and sang at its mistress. It was into this room that Mrs. Gurnett was shown, to stand just inside the door, and drop a formal courtsey to the tall, handsome girl who advanced to meet her.

"Oh, nurse, dear, I'm so glad you're come!" said May, taking her hands, and kissing her on both cheeks. "What a time it is since I've seen you! Why have you not been to see me?"

"Because, my dear," said Mrs. Gurnett, rather stiffly, "it was a little, tiny girl I used to know, and not a young lady."

"But," said May softly, as she drew the old lady, very prim and demure now, to a sofa, where she sat down by her side, and held one hand—"but, nurse, do you know that sometimes, though I know that I am grown into a woman, and that people"—here she glanced at the tall cheval glass opposite to her—"that people say all sorts of nonsense about me—"

"They say, I suppose," said Mrs. Gurnett, who had seen the glance, "that you are very handsome?"

"Oh! all sorts of nonsense," said May, blushing; "but I don't take any notice of it; for what does it matter? After all, I sometimes feel just as I did years and years ago, nurse, when you used to lay my head upon my little pillow, and kiss me, and say 'Good night—'"

"'God bless you!'" interpolated Mrs. Gurnett, softly.

"Yes, to be sure," said May, smiling. "And oh, nurse, it seems such a little while ago; and sometimes, as I lie down to sleep, I get thinking of all the old times, and almost wish that—that I was as young as I was when you were with me."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Gurnett, "it's growing old enough you are to find out that there are greater troubles in life than a broken doll or a dirty pinafore."

And then, in spite of all her efforts, the poor old lady broke down, took out her handkerchief, and began to sob bitterly.

"Why, nurse, nurse, what is it?" said May, anxiously, as she drew nearer to the weeping woman. "Are you in trouble?"

"Oh, yes, yes, my dear," she said, at last, after choking again and again in the effort to speak.

"But I sent for you to get you to try and comfort me," said May, softly. "What is the matter?"

"Oh my dear!" sobbed Mrs. Gurnett, "I'm finding out that after fighting for life years and years, and thinking I was strong, and steady, and sensible, I'm only a silly, weak old woman, with a heart as soft as that of a girl of eighteen."

May blushed, looked at her wonderingly, and more wonderingly as, thoroughly wound up to give vent to her feelings, and, womanlike, glad to have a sympathetic woman's breast into which she could empty the urn of her affliction, Mrs. Gurnett told all her trouble from beginning to end, stopping now and then to upbraid herself as "a silly old woman, who ought to know better;" but, made selfish in the extreme by her distress, forgetting all but her own affairs as she proceeded with her tale.

May flushed scarlet as Anderson's name was mentioned. Then she turned deadly pale as the narrative went on. Then she flushed again; but only for the blush to give place to a greater pallor, as step by step Mrs Gurnett told of the dread—of the bad name owned by the firm of Rutherby, and her horror that Basait should sail in one of their vessels.

"And I've told him he might go," sobbed the poor woman; "and I've sent him to his death; for sail he will in the floating coffin, and I shall never see him any more."

She sat sobbing for a time, and then went on, heedless of May Halley's plainly displayed emotion—

"And him so faithful and true to Captain Anderson—as brave, and true, and handsome a man as ever stepped; and, oh, Miss May—"

Mrs. Gurnett stopped short, for it had just flashed across her mind that in her utter selfishness she had absolutely forgotten that which she knew concerning the young captain and his employer's daughter.

She sat up, handkerchief in hand, gazing at May, who was as white as marble, but who did not flinch from the old lady's look, only returned her gaze with one that was stony and dull.

"They are going to sail in the Victrix," said Mrs. Gurnett.

There was no reply.

"They are going to sail directly, and I can't believe that they will ever return."

Still May made no response; and Mrs. Gurnett, wiping her eyes, said, apologetically—

"My dear, you sent for me because you were in trouble, and I've been telling you all of mine. It was very thoughtless of me; but I seldom see any one to whom I care to talk, and when you seemed so gentle with me I was obliged to speak."

"I am very, very glad to see you, nurse, and to talk with you," said May, in a strange, cold voice.

"But, my dear, you wanted to tell me all your troubles."

"Did I, nurse? Oh, it was nothing! I was a little upset. I had nothing much to say. It was a mere trifle, and I did not know you were so worried, or I would not have sent."

"But, my dear, it was very silly and childish of me, and I'm sure that you will laugh at me when I am gone."

"Oh, no, no, nurse; don't think that," said May, lapsing for an instant from her cold, stern demeanor. No woman could despise another for displaying that which is waiting to bud in her own breast.

"But what was the matter, my dear? Was it anything I could talk to you about? I should have been here sooner, but for my own trouble."

"It was nothing, nurse—nothing at all—only I—"

She made a brave effort to curb down the feelings that were struggling for exit, but they proved too strong for her. They burst forth like a flood, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, nurse, nurse! I've sent him away like that, and—and—indeed—indeed, I did not know!"

* * * * * *

People as a rule used to respect Mr. Halley, the shipowner, of Quarterdeckcourt—Halley, Edwards, and Company was the name of the firm; but Edwards had been dead twenty years, and the Company had been bought out one by one by Mr. Halley, till he was the sole owner of the line of ships trading to the East, and managed his business per Mr. Tudge, of whom anon. People used to say that Mr. Halley would cut up well when he died; and City men would make calculations as to his warmth, of course alluding to the ruddy glow of his gold.

He was a quaint, old-fashioned looking man, who always persisted in ignoring customs of the present day.

"Fashion!" he would say; "what has fashion to do with me? Fashion ought to be what I choose to wear."

The consequence was that he wore the garments that had been in vogue forty years before—to wit, a blue coat, with a stiff velvet collar and treble gilt buttons, nankeen trousers, and a buff waistcoat. He did not powder his hair, for he could not have made it more white if he had; but he did wear it gathered together, and tied behind with a piece of black ribbon, which used to bob about the collar of his coat, to the great amusement of the street boys who saw him pass.

Of course, he had a right to dress as he pleased; but it was a source of great unpleasantness to his footman, who looked upon the left-off garments with ineffable contempt.

Mr. Halley had just finished his breakfast, laid down his paper, and was playing with his gold eyeglasses, while May, who sat behind the urn, looked pale and distrait.

Mr. Halley coughed—a short, forced cough—and looked disturbed. May started.

This was the opening for which Mr. Halley had been waiting. He was fond of authority and ruling, but he was fonder of his child; and of late a feeling had been creeping on him that he was not satisfied with the course that domestic matters had taken.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he said.

"Nothing, papa."

"Yes—ahem—yes, there is, my dear. I have noticed—er—er—noticed lately—"

Here Mr. Halley's voice grew husky, and he had to cough two or three times to clear it, while May's face became scarlet.

"There—er—er—is something the matter, and I have noticed lately that you have been very strange and—er—er—not what you should be. Merritt came to me yesterday."

He paused, as if expecting May to speak; but she sat perfectly silent.

"I said Merritt came to me yesterday, my dear; and he wanted to know if he had given any offence." May still silent.

"I told him no—nothing of the kind. He said he was afraid somebody had been trying to poison your ears against him, and he hoped that you did not take any notice of the absurd reports spread about the shipping house to which he belongs."

"Do you think, papa, that those reports are absurd?" said May, so suddenly that the old man started.

"Absurd? Of course, my dear; unless you think that the gentleman to whom you are engaged is about as black a scoundrel and murderer as ever stepped. May. I'm angry with you: I am, indeed. I can't think what has come over you of late. It is really too bad—it is, indeed. I've been wanting to talk to you about it; and really, you know, the way in which you treated his partner, Mr. Longdale, last night, was quite insulting."

"Papa!" cried May, passionately, "I can't make friends with a slimy snake."

"Now, my dear child," cried the old man, petulantly, "this is absurd; it's—it's so like your poor mother—bursting out in the most unreasonable way against a man whom you do not fancy."

"Fancy? Oh, papa!" cried May, "did you ever shake hands with him?"

"Why, of course, my dear. Shake hands, indeed!"

"It was dreadful; so cold and dank, and—and—and fishy," said May.

"Now, my darling child, I must beg of you not to be absurd. Longdale is a man of position, and Merritt's partner. Longdale and Merritt are really the men, for poor old Rutherby is quite a nonentity. And here, last night, you treated Longdale as if he were—were—were—"

"A nasty, cold, twining, slimy snake," said May, impetuously. "Ugh!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" ejaculated the old man, peevishly; "really, May!"

"Do you think, papa, there is any truth in what has been said about Rutherby's ships?"

"Why—why—why—what do you know about Rutherby's ships, child?" cried the old man, uneasily.

"I've heard the reports, papa, about their unseaworthy state," said May, excitedly; "and it seems to me so dreadful, so horrible that it makes me shudder."

"It's all a cruel, atrocious lie. I'm sure of it, my dear," said the old man, dabbing his forehead as he spoke. "If I—I—I for a moment thought that they could be such—There, it's nonsense—absurd! Men couldn't do it."

"But people say they do, papa," said May.

"People say any cruel thing of others who are more prosperous than themselves. Why they even say that—that I—but there, I am not prosperous, my dear, only comfortably off. But there, don't you take any notice of what people say."

"But it sounds so horrible, papa."

"What, that they send men to sea in rotten ships! Yes, of course it sounds horrible; but it is not true—it can't be true. Why, my dear, I should have been a very, very rich man now if it had not been for the expense I've been put to in keeping my ships in good condition; and as to what they say of Rutherby's—pooh!"

The door opened, and the footman then appeared.

"Lady wants to see you, sir, on business," said the man.

"Who is it? What business? Why doesn't she go to the offices?"

"Said I wasn't to say, sir," said the man, reluctantly, "She's in the library."

The old gentleman fixed him with his eye, and the footman, with a shilling in his mind, half whimpered—

"If you please, sir, I couldn't help it. She says, sir, please, sir, 'Show me into a private room, and tell your master a lady wants to see him on business.'"

"Who is the lady?" said Mr. Halley.

"Mrs. Anderson, sir—Captain Anderson's mother."

May gave vent to a little cry, half sob, half catch of the breath; and then sat silent and intent upon what followed.

"Tell her I can't see her," cried the old man, angrily; "tell her I won't see her; tell her—there, what in creation does she want here? She's come to beg that I will reinstate her son. It's too bad, May—it really is too bad; and I won't be bothered like this. I won't see her. Here, stop, sir. How dare you go away without orders?"

"Please, sir, you said—"

"Confound you, sir! I didn't said at all," cried the old man, angrily. "Here stop, I'll—I'll—yes, I'll see her in the library."

"Yes, sir, she is there," said the footman, hurrying to open the door obsequiously for Mr. Halley, nervous and evidently dreading the interview; while May sat with her face changing color each moment, and listening attentively till she heard the library door closed, when she hurried up to her own room, to throw herself into a chair, and place one hand upon her side, as if to stay with it the heavy throbbings of her heart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW MRS. ANDERSON CAME TO SPEAK ABOUT HER SON.

IT might have been thought by any one who had been a witness of the scene that Mrs. Anderson, as she sat in the library of the old house at Canonbury, was Queen paramount there, and that Mr. Halley, the old shipowner, approached her as a suppliant; for she remained sitting—a stiff old figure, in her rustling, great folded silk—while he stood before her, evidently ill at ease.

"Mr. Halley," she said, sternly, "I have come to speak to you about my son."

"I must beg, madam—" he began nervously.

The old gentleman coughed, glanced at the door, and then remained silent; while his visitor drew off a black kid glove, held up a thin white finger threateningly at him, and said, slowly.

"Mr. Halley, you have murdered my son!"

The old gentleman started at the tremendous charge, and was about to speak; but Mrs. Anderson interrupted him.

"Yes, murdered him; for you have deprived him of the command of the ship he loved and sent him afloat in one that bears an ill name."

"I—I—I did nothing of the sort, Mrs. Anderson; I—I—really, this is a most scandalous charge."

"But it is quite true, Mr. Halley, and you know it. And why was this?"

"Why, ma'am, why?" cried the old gentleman, angrily, glad to have an opportunity to speak, "because he was presumptuous; but, stop—mind this, I am only speaking of my breaking connection with him.

"I have nothing to do with his shipping with another firm."

"Yes, you have," said Mrs. Anderson, sternly.

"Nonsense!—absurd! I will not have it," cried the old man. "Do you know how this man, your son, behaved here—here in my house, madam?"

"No, not quite," said Mrs. Anderson, quietly; "but I am quite sure that my son would behave like a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" said Mr. Halley. "Why, he struck one of my visitors, and insulted my daughter."

"If he struck one of your guests, Mr. Halley," said the old lady, speaking haughtily as a tragedy queen, "he must have been a villain and deserved it. But my son would never insult your daughter."

"But—but I tell you, ma'am, he did—he did.

"Forgot his position altogether as one of my servants, and—and—there, it is too absurd!

"He actually had the impertinence to propose—to—to make love to her."

"And pray, Mr. Halley, was that insulting her?"

"Of course."

Mrs. Anderson rose from her chair, and stood menacingly before the old gentleman.

"Insult—proposed! Mr. Halley, I consider that my son conferred an honor upon her."

"Honor?"

"Yes, sir, an honor. I won't say anything about his birth, only that the Andersons have been Scotch gentlemen for many generations, while the Halleys— Do you remember coming to borrow a sovereign of my husband, Mr. Halley, when you were a struggling man?"

"I—I—I—there!—No; yes, yes, I won't deny it, Mrs. Anderson, I did bor—but I paid it again!"

"Yes, you paid it again," said the old lady. "You always were an honest man, James Halley; but because you have made money in shipowning, I can't see that my son would be offering any insult to your child."

"Mrs. Anderson, I am not going to—I can't argue with you about that matter. Your son is not connected with me now, and I had nothing to do with his engaging himself to other owners."

"But it was through you, Mr. Halley, it was through you that the poor lad went; and if evil come to him, you are to blame."

"Mrs. Anderson, if you were not—but I won't be angry.

"I won't say hard things to you. You are an old lady, and troubled about your son, and therefore speak more plainly than you should."

"No, Mr. Halley, not more plainly than I should. It is true that it is about my poor boy; but I would speak as plainly if it were about any other woman's son, for it is the duty of every one to speak when evil is being done, and no steps taken to avert it. James Halley, you know the kind of ship my son has gone in, and what they say about it."

"I know what they say about it, Mrs. Anderson," said Mr. Halley, angrily; "but I don't believe it—I won't believe it's true."

"No, that's it—you won't believe it's true."

"I can't, I tell you," said Mr. Halley. "Why, I never sent a ship to sea until it had been thoroughly overhauled and made trim."

"That makes me believe you, James Halley," said the old lady, eagerly; and she caught his hand and pressed it between her own.

"I know you never did—my John has told me so a dozen times; and I see now that you can't believe it in others.

"I did think though, when I came here, that you knew of it all, and winked at it that you might get well rid of my son."

"If I thought—no, if I found out, and could believe the Rutherbys could be such scoundrels, they should never darken my doors again; and as for——"

He stopped short, and looked curiously at the old lady, who leaned forward, and peered searchingly in his eyes.

"Say what you were going to say to me, James Halley. Don't triumph over me because I come as a suitor now.

"You came as a suitor to me once—forty years ago now, James Halley—and I would not listen to you; but you are too much of a man to bear me malice for that."

"Bear malice!" said the old gentleman, warmly; "not I. Well, I'll say it. No, I won't."

"Then I'll say it for you," said Mrs. Anderson. "You were going to say that if you found out that Philip Merritt knew of the state of the ship in which my son sailed, he should never wed a daughter of yours. Say it, James Halley, and I shall go away happier."

"No," said the old gentleman, shaking his head angrily, and striding up and down the room—"no, I won't say it.

"There's no need. It isn't true. And you've come here, on your son's behalf, to try and set me against that young man, and I'll here no more of it.

"As for the young man, I like him, and May likes him, and—but there, I won't—I won't enter any more into the matter. Mrs. Anderson, good morning."

"Stop one moment, Mr. Halley," cried the old lady. "We are very old acquaintances.

"You love your girl, perhaps, as well as I love my boy. That he hoped to have won May Halley was his misfortune and mine. But I don't come on his behalf; for, poor lad, he will never return—I know it well. I should like, though, to know that this engagement was broken off; for I tell you it will bring with it misery.

"The money Philip Merritt brings to his home will be fouled with the despairing curses of the dying sailors he has sent to their grave; and every jewel he gives his wife will be glistening with the tears of the wives and mothers whose loved ones have sailed in his rotten ships.

"I tell you, James Halley, that you will go to your grave a wretched and despairing man if you marry your child to—"

"Mr. Philip Merritt," said the footman, suddenly opening the door.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW PHILIP MERRITT ASKED IF HE LOOKED LIKE A SCOUNDREL.

FOR a few moments no one spoke, during which short space the closing of the door by the footman and his retreating steps across the hall were plainly heard. Then Merritt somewhat recovered from his surprise; for he had expected May to be with her father, and instead he found himself confronted by the threatening, angry countenance of Mrs. Anderson.

"I—I beg pardon," he stammered, changing color in spite of himself. "I'll go into the next room."

"No!" cried the old lady, fiercely, as she took a step forward; then, pointing at him with her stick, she turned to Mr. Halley. "Look at him, James Halley—look at him, and think of what I said. It will bring a curse, I tell you—a curse!"

She went slowly towards the door, and turned once more as she took the handle, to gaze sternly upon Merritt.

"The tears of mothers and sweethearts, the bitter wails of wives and children, and the stifled curses and cries to Heaven for vengeance of drowning sailors, will be the dowry you bring to your wife, Philip Merritt.

"I, as the mother of one whom you have sent to his death, will not add my curse. I will not spit upon the ground where you stand, and call down maledictions from the Almighty to crush you ere your misdoings become more.

"I only say, for John Anderson and myself, may God forgive you!"

Before Philip Merritt could recover himself from the shock her words had occasioned, the door had closed, and he was alone with Mr. Halley, his face blanched, and the perspiration standing in beads upon his temples.

"Why, what a dreadful old woman!" he exclaimed at last, using his scented handkerchief freely upon his forehead and damp hands.

"I declare she has made me feel quite uncomfortable. And who is the strange old being?"

"John Anderson's mother," said Mr. Halley, sinking back into a seat, with clouded brow.

"Well, do you know, I half guessed it. But is she—a little—touched?"

He tapped his forehead significantly.

"Same as you or I," said Mr. Halley, shortly.

"Oh!" said Merritt.

And there was an uncomfortable silence for a few moments.

"Look here, Merritt," exclaimed Mr. Halley, suddenly; "I'm a plain-spoken old man, and very frank.

"I take to myself the credit of being honest and straightforward, so I will speak what is on my mind at once. There are strange reports afloat."

"Indeed," said Merritt, calmly; "what about?"

"About you, Merritt—about you.

"About me?" said Merritt, with an amused smile. "Why, what have I been doing? Has a little bird whispered that I was seen at the Casino last night; or tipsy in the Haymarket, knocking off policemen's hats; and is my future papa angry about it, and going to give me a lecture?"

"Just listen to me seriously, Philip," said Mr. Halley, leaning forward, and speaking very earnestly. "I keep hearing on all sides evil whisperings about Rutherby's vessels."

"Of course, yes—evil whisperings" said Merritt, with a contemptuous "Pish!"

"They say your ships go out unseaworthy and heavily insured."

"Our ships? Well, yes, they are ours now; but I am a very young partner, you know."

"And if this is the case, Philip Merritt, it is wholesale murder."

Merritt grew a trifle paler, but the amused smile never left his lips.

"A firm—a man who would countenance such things ought to be hung as high as Haman," said the old man, excitedly, "He ought to be—there, there, I don't know a punishment hard enough for such a demon. It makes my blood boil to think of it."

"Then why think of it?" said Merritt, who was, however, blessed with a face that was as tell-tale as a girl's, and now showed of a deathly pallor—"why think of it?" he said coolly. "You must know that it is all pure invention."

"But I don't know," cried the old man. "I want to know—want you to tell me."

"Want me to tell you!" said Merritt. "Well, really, my dear sir, if it were any one else I should rise and leave the room. You ask me, so to speak, if it is true that I am, according to your own showing, as great a ruffian, scoundrel, and murderer as ever stepped—that I, the accepted suitor of your daughter, am a wholesale destroyer of life, and make money by swindling the marine insurance companies. Mr. Halley, it is monstrous!"

"It is—it is, Merritt," exclaimed the old man.

"I ask you a question," continued Merritt, rising with an aspect of injured innocence; "do I look like the scoundrel you have painted?"

"No, my boy—no," cried the old man, catching Merritt's hands in his, and shaking them heartily. "It is monstrous. Indeed, I don't believe a word of it—not a word."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said Merritt, warmly returning the shake. "It is one of the evils of prosperity that it must be backbitten by every slandering scoundrel who has not been fortunate."

"And because we have lost a ship or two, they set it down to our own fault; when I can assure you, Mr. Halley, that no expense is spared to make our vessels all that could be wished."

"I am sure of it, Merritt—quite sure. Depend upon it, some jealous scoundrel is at the bottom of all this, for his own ends."

"I fancy it comes from the underwriting fraternity," said Merritt; "and I'm glad you take my view, that it is set afloat by some interested party; for that is really what I feel about it."

"An underwriter's dodge to set a certain number against our ships, so that they may arrange per centage just as they please."

"Very likely—very likely," said Mr. Halley. "There's a deal of wickedness in this world, my boy."

"Depend upon it, sir," said Merritt, "that any roguery or false dealing in commerce is sure to come upon the head of its inventor."

"I am sure of it, my boy—quite sure of it."

"Why, even you know, Mr. Halley how hard it is to go on, even carrying things along in the even, straightforward way in which you have done business."

"True, my boy—quite true. I have had very heavy losses in my time, though none so bad that I have not been able to stand against them."

"Then, I think we may change the conversation, sir," said Merritt.

"Ye-e-es," said the old man, "we will directly; but I will say this—I don't suspect you now, my boy, not at all—but I'll say this all the same.

"If I felt that any one who wanted to be related to me—wanted to have that little pearl of mine to wear for his own through life—if I had the slightest suspicion that he was in any way connected with such goings on, I'd turn my back upon him at once."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Merritt, "that looks as if you were not quite satisfied even yet."

"Not at all, my boy, not at all—so there, shake hands upon it. Are you coming into the city with me, or are you going to see May? Oh, of course—well, you must excuse me. Give me a look in as you go by the office."

The old gentleman left the room, after a very warm shake of the hand; and Philip Merritt, after waiting for a few minutes, made his way into the drawing-room, where he expected to find May.

The room, however, was empty; and after looking at a few books, he rang the bell.

"Tell Miss May I am here," he said to the man.

"I'll send word up, sir," said the man; "she's in her own room."

Merritt waited a few minutes, full of impatience; and then he heard the closing of a door, and May's voice on the stairs.

A minute later, and listening attentively, he heard a step in the hall, when, throwing open the door, he stepped hastily out, open-handed, but found himself confronting the stiff, stern old figure of Mrs. Anderson.

For a few moments he stood as if paralyzed, with the old lady's flashing eyes gazing straight into his, till he cowered and blanched, and fell back a step.

Then relief came; the footman approached, and the old lady pointed with her stick to the door.

So fixed was her stern look, that Philip Merritt shivered as he obeyed her sign and slowly opened the door, through which she passed, gazing at him to the last.

"What an idiot I am!" he said to himself, as the door was closed; "and before that fellow, too! Here," he cried, wiping his damp hands, "did you send word to Miss May that I was here?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman.

"And what did she say?"

"I—oh, here's her maid, sir," was the reply.

At this moment a smart little domestic came tripping down the stairs.

"If you please, sir, Miss May's compliments, and she's too poorly to leave her room."

"Hang it," muttered Merritt, catching up his hat and stick. Then as soon as he was outside, "This is all the doing of that cursed woman."

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW MRS. ANDERSON WENT TO CURSE MAY HALLEY.

MR. HALLEY had no idea that he left Mrs. Anderson closely closeted with his daughter when he started for the city; for, in place of going away, she had desired the servant to tell Miss May that she wished to see her.

May, thinking it was Mrs. Gurnett, eagerly sent word down for her to be shown up, running forward to meet her as the door was opened, and then stopping short, surprised and confused, as she found herself confronted by the prim old dame, who was frowning at her from beneath her grey eyebrows.

"You don't know me," the old lady said, after a pause, during which May stood blushing beneath the stern gaze.

"No," said May; and then the thought flashed across her mind that this might be Mrs. Anderson, of whom she had heard, but whom she had never before seen.

"Yes," said the old lady, taking her hand and leading her to the window to scrutinise her more narrowly. "I am not surprised—you are very pretty."

She said this half to herself; but May heard every word, and looked more than ever conscious, with the ruddy hue suffusing neck and temples.

"Yes," continued the old lady, "you are very pretty, and I am not surprised."

"If you please," said May, quaintly, and with a half-amused smile upon her face. "I can't help it."

"No," said the old lady, more to herself than May, "you can't help it; and yet what misery and wretchedness a pretty face can cause!

"Why should your pretty doll's face come between me and my son, to wean his heart—no, I won't say that—but to make his life a burden to him; so great a one that he has thrown it away?"

"No, no—not so bad as that," cried May.

"Not so bad!" retorted the old lady. "It is worse. Did you know he loved you?"

May's color rose once more at this sharp questioning, and she drew herself up.

"Pride!" exclaimed the old lady. "Pride and coquetry! Shame on you, girl. I can see it all, as plainly as if I had watched it throughout.

"To gratify your girlish love of admiration, you have led on and wrecked the heart of as true a man as ever stepped. You! Are you listening? Do you know how unworthy of him you are—how brave and good he is?

"Why, a queen might have been proud to own his love; while you—what do you do, girl? You spurn him—send him away maddened, to throw away his life—to let himself be trapped into taking charge of a wretched, rotten ship, that will hold together till the first rough sea, and then sink, to help pave the bottom of the sea with good men's bones."

"Oh, but tell me," cried May, "you are exaggerating. It is not so bad as this?"

"So bad, girl!" cried the old lady, excitedly—"it is worse; for do you know in

whose ship he has gone? No? I'll tell you. In his rival's."

"You are speaking without reason, Mrs. Anderson. Your son had no rival, for he was not acknowledged."

"No," said the old lady, "he was not acknowledged, my son was not.

"He was but a poor merchant captain, and no meet mate for his owner's daughter. Oh, that a few pounds of gold should make so wide a gap between people—he could not see it, poor boy! You are to marry, I suppose, that man below—the man who has murdered my son?"

"Mrs. Anderson!"

"Well, girl, what do you call it, if not murder? He owns a ship, and engages men to sail it to some far distant land. What ought he to do? Ought he not to make that vessel safe?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed May. "Papa."

"Your father is an obstinate, proud man, May Halley; but he is honest and true, and always did his duty by his men."

"I am sure he did," said May with animation.

"Yes, my son has told me so a score of times. But this firm—these Rutherbys—what do they do? I'll tell you, girl—but come and sit down here by this window, for I am an old woman, and weak."

May hesitated for a moment, then suffered herself to be led to a chair, as if she were the visitor, and the old lady mistress of the place.

"There," said the latter, on seeing the hesitation, "you need not be afraid, child, hard words break no bones; and I have a right to speak to you—the right of age, the right of an old woman to a motherless girl."

May glanced up at her quickly, for the old lady's face had wonderfully softened, and she leaned forward to softly stroke the girl's peachy cheek.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Leaden Heart.

BY F. C. B.

DURING the reign of Charles X., an English gentleman, who was expecting the arrival of his family, hired for their reception part of a large old house situated in one of the *faubourgs* of Paris.

Until his family should arrive, the Englishman was solely attended by an elderly woman, who returned to her own home every evening, so that he remained the only nocturnal occupant of these ancient apartments.

It was a recreation to him to wander over them, and to form plans for their comfortable occupancy by his wife and children. Pleasant were his thoughts on these occasions, for he fondly anticipated the approving smile of the former, and the joyous looks and exclamation of the latter, when all the curiosities of the place should be unfolded to them.

One evening, in the gloomy month of November, he had been examining a large darkish closet in one of the rooms, and was in the act of removing some pieces of old matting that were on the lowest shelf, when something heavy fell down; but we will continue the narrative in his own words.

* * * * * *

A leaden heart, roughly modelled, about a span in height, and the same in width at the upper part, the point resting upon a small pedestal like that of a bust,—such was the strange thing I had found in clearing out an old closet in my apartments. On closer inspection it appeared to have been soldered at the sides, and the weight was not in proportion to the bulk, had it been solid.

I did not feel justified in penetrating into what might be a sacred deposit, but could not help piercing, with my mind's eye, through the dark and ductile metal.

So I cast some light wood on the dying embers, drew my arm-chair closer to the antique fire-place, wrapped my dressing-gown around my knees, and having placed that leaden heart on the mantel-piece before me, I began to ruminate concerning the singular object, which the flickering light shed over the room by the crackling wood fire enabled me dimly to perceive.

As before stated, this mysterious urn was very roughly fashioned; and I imagined that it had been made in some far distant land, to contain and preserve a heart which had once been the seat of love, friendship, patriotism! And who had preserved that heart? For whom had it been thus enshrined? Haply it had palpitated in the breast of a tender and faithful lover, who, far away from the object of his affection, had become a victim to disease, or had fallen in battle: with his dying breath he had bequeathed it to her on whom his soul rested: the hand of friendship had fulfilled his last wishes, had embalmed his heart, brought it to its destination, found her for whom it was intended passed away, or faithless—and had left it in a corner, cold, valueless, and neglected!

Perhaps, two beings, strongly, tenderly attached had been torn asunder by the iron grasp of death.

The sad lot of one had been to see his cherished companion slowly wasting away: he had watched each movement, each change:—now buoyed up by cheering hope, anon struck down by despair! In the midnight hour, when a light slumber had, for a moment, rendered the patient sufferer unconscious of pain, had prostrated himself beside her couch, in humble orison for her recovery and preservation: had implored that on his head alone calamity might fall—if fall it must—and whilst admitting it to be a duty to yield without repining to the decree of Providence, fearing also that if this gentle, suffering creature were to be snatched from him, resignation would be beyond his strength.

* * * * * *

"Nay, nay," said I internally, "this cannot be the true history!"

The next morning I sought the lady of whom I had hired the apartments; but she had left town for a few weeks.

I was not sorry to have a little time for it was a delicate matter to speak upon. Frequently during the interval did I contemplate and examine the leaden casket, and fancied that an aromatic odor proceeded from it.

This gave additional intensity to my speculations, and convinced me that the embalmatic shrine contained some sacred relic.

At length the old gentlewoman returned. She was a rare and curious specimen of a class of society now almost extinct in France.

Her person was tall and lean, her face much seamed with the small-pox and between her high cheek-bones and very low forehead twinkled two small black, squinting eyes.

She wore a plain and very high white muslin cap, not particularly clean; and, generally, a rusty black silk gown with short sleeves, adorned with ruffles hanging over her skinny elbows; on her hands were black mittens, and her usual employment was knitting, as she sat buried in her easy-chair covered with crimson damask. An old silver snuff-box of large dimensions stood on a work-table beside her; the constant use of rappee had reddened her sharp nose, darkened her upper-lip, and imparted to the forefinger and thumb of her right hand a rich brown dye.

I hastened to pay my respects to her. After the usual salutation the following dialogue took place:—

"Madam I have something of a very serious nature to mention to you."

The ancient dame made a slight inclination of the head.

"I have discovered in my apartments—"

"What have you to say about the apartments, sir?"

"Nothing, my dear madam; but a circumstance has occured which—"

"Sir you have engaged the apartments for six months!"

"Of that I am well aware, madam, and am willing to fulfil my engagement; but having found a very curious and mysterious thing in one of the closets, I think it my duty to speak to you on the subject—here it is!"

Upon this I slowly unfolded a black silk handkerchief in which I had wrapped the treasure, and presented it to the old lady.

"Oh!" she shrieked, "It is the heart of his wife."

She soon became calm, and then informed me that a French gentleman had formerly occupied my apartments; that some years ago, his wife died; that, being passionately fond of her, he had caused her heart to be embalmed, and placed in this leaden shrine; and yet, when after a certain lapse of time he quitted the house, this same heart—this quintessence of his adored defunct spouse—had been left in the corner of an old closet, nor had it been missed since! The only surprise expressed by the old lady was that it had not been deposited in a loft with the other lumber.

Leaving the leaden heart with the ancient dowager, I returned to my own room, with the black silk handkerchief in my hand, and yielded for a few minutes to bitter reflections on the inconstancy of poor human nature.

Moreover, a feeling approaching to that of shame came over me at the remembrance of my own sentimental mood. At length, however, I reasoned myself down into an indulgent train of thought, which induced me to make allowance for Monsieur, who had thus neglected his wife's heart. No doubt he had cherished it whilst its owner lived; and though he had lost sight thereof for a season, after it had ceased to beat, this was infinitely more excusable than if—as unhappily is too often the case in the world—he had slighted or agitated that heart whilst it was capable of appreciating and responding to affection.

MORE WEATHER WISDOM.—One of this State's prominent attorneys, who is at the same time one of its leading fishermen, claims that the weather invariably repeats itself, and gives the following as the result of his observations, viz: All years ending in 9, 0 or 1 are extremely dry. Those ending in 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are extremely wet. Those ending in 7 and 8 are ordinarily well balanced. Those ending in 0 have extremely cold winters. Those ending in 2 have an early spring. Those ending in 1 have a late spring. Those ending in 3 and 4 are subject to great floods.

ECCENTRIC AFFECTION.—Here are a few examples of the eccentric affections of well-known men: Alexander the Great loved his horse, Bucephalus; Numa Pompilius, a hind; Sertorius, the same; Augustus, a parrot; Caligula, a horse, whom he made consul; Virgil, a butterfly; Nero, a starling; Commodus, a monkey; Heliogabalus, a sparrow, like Lesbia; Honorius, a hen; Cardinal Richelieu, some little Angora cats; Crebillon, dogs; Lamartine, greyhounds; Alexander Dumas, Senior, a vulture; Alphonse Karr, a Newfoundland dog; Lord Byron, a bear; King Theodorus, four lions.

THERE is a man who cannot get prompt service to his bell at his hotel. The other night he gave the bell a violent ring at midnight. Shortly after the servant answered it. "I don't want anything now," said the fellow. "I ring it now in order to get it on file. Bring me hot water at eight in the morning."

## Bric-a-Brac.

WHY HE LEARNED THEM.—Cardinal Mezzofanti, the wonderful Italian linguist, who knew sixty four and talked forty-eight languages, turned his attention to language because, when a young priest, he found a foreign sailor dying, who wanted to confess but could find no priest who could understand him.

PIPE-LAYING.—The word pipe-laying as used in political phraseology, had its origin in New York at the time of the construction of the Croton water works. Some members of the whig party were charged with having made arrangements to bring a large number of men from Philadelphia, ostensibly to lay pipes for the water, but really to vote at an approaching election.

BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—To pass away the gloomy hours in prison Bunyan took a rail out of the stool belonging to his cell, and with his knife fashioned it into a flute. The keeper, hearing music, followed the sound to Bunyan's cell; but while he was unlocking the door the ingenious prisoner placed the rail in the stool, so that the searchers were unable to solve the mystery: nor, during the remainder of Bunyan's residence in the gaol, did they ever discover how the music had been produced.

METHODS OF WRITING.—It must not be forgotten that a close connection exists, even in our days, between the great religious domains and the method of writing. Buddhism, with all the Oriental religions of Asia which have preceded or followed it, writes from the top down; Islamism, the continuation of Shemitism, writs from right to left; and Christianity, the emigrant product of Shemitism, which has left its father to settle among the Aryans, is scattering writing from left to right over nearly the whole world. Each of the three great religious groups has, then, a direction of writing peculiar to it.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on the floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence.

MURDER IN GERMANY.—A curious provision of the criminal code in Germany, for which there is no analogy in English jurisprudence, makes deliberate homicide, where it is perpetrated at the request of the victim, a lesser grade of crime than murder, and places it within the discretion of the courts to impose as low a sentence as three years' imprisonment for the offence. Under this law a miller's apprentice, of Berlin, has just been sentenced for cutting his wife's throat. He was out of work and money, and he and his wife formed the resolution to commit suicide together by taking poison. His wife, however, drained the cup that contained the mixture alone, leaving none for him, and after a while begged him kill her at once, to put an end to the suffering that ensued. He complied with her request by making several gashes in her throat. This state of facts was deemed sufficient to warrant a sentence of only four years' imprisonment.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.—Lycurgus left none of his laws in writing. It was ordered that none should be written, for he held that principle interwoven with the manners and breeding of a people who were most conducive to the happiness of a city, and hence he resolved the whole legislature into the bringing up of youth. He set his face especially against luxury, and excluded unprofitable arts from the career of the young men, and they were enjoined to work only at what was useful and necessary. To further the conquest of luxury and exterminate the love of riches, he enjoined the use of public tables, where all were to eat in common of the same meat, and such kinds as were ordered by law. It was forbidden to eat at home, or call on the assistance of butchers and cooks, or to "fatten like voracious animals" in public. Children were introduced at these public tables as to schools of sobriety. There they heard discourse concerning government and were instructed in the most liberal breeding.

BISMARCK'S SEGAR.—Prince Bismarck once told a group of visitors the following story: "The value of a good segar," said he, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Koniggratz I had only one segar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour in which I should enjoy it after victory. But I had miscalculated my changes." "And what," asked one of the company, "was the cause of your miscalculation." "A poor dragoon," replied Bismarck, "who lay helpless with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pocket and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured segar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a segar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

## Scientific and Useful.

GLUE.—If you wish to produce a glue that will resist water, boil one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

NEW GLASS.—A Vienna chemist has made a new glass, containing no silica or other ingredient of ordinary glass. It's most important property is that it may be used to glaze iron and other metals.

IRON SPOTS AND BLACK INK.—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid with little fragments of tin. On fast dyed cottons and woolens, citric acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible to remove.

BELTS.—An experienced mechanic writes: "I have tried chalk, soap, treacle and rosin, to prevent slipping of belts, but like oiling the belt on the inside just before I stop on a Saturday. It preserves belts and beats anything I have tried yet."

OPERA-GLASS AND CAMERA.—An optician of this city, it is said, has just made an opera-glass which can be converted at a moment's notice into a photographic camera. It is suggested that such an instrument might be found useful in obtaining instantaneous pictures of criminals without their knowledge.

INSECTS.—The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, calculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 species were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species.

GRINDSTONES.—A grindstone should be secured to the shaft by nuts and washers, and the washers fixed on that they cannot turn with the nuts as they are screwed up or unscrewed. In hanging the stone, great care should be taken to hang it true sidewise, not only for convenience in using, but because a stone that is not true sidewise can never be kept true edgewise.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Salvers and flower vases in daily use look better than new by always following the proper recipe: Strew the salver over with sand, and squeeze some of the juice of half a lemon over it, sufficient to wet it, then rub round and round as hard as you can and for some time; carefully do the edge in the same way, and remember to be equally careful about the back, or else it becomes a mass of verdigris. Then wipe all the sand and lemon juice off with a clean rag or cloth, and squeeze some more lemon juice over the tray, rub it on, and then dry. Twice a week is necessary. This recipe should not be used on engraved toys.

## Farm and Garden.

HYDRAULIC CEMENT.—Common hydraulic cement mixed with oil, forms a good paint for roofs and out-buildings. It is waterproof and incombustible.

SEEDS.—To keep seeds from the depredations of mice mix some camphor-gum with the seeds. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury.

BLACKENING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar-candy, four ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

REMEDY FOR WORMS.—A correspondent keeps his currant and gooseberry bushes free from worms by the following: Three ounces of copperas dissolved in a bucket of water and sprinkled upon leaves that are infested. Do not exceed this proportion of copperas for fear of injuring the leaves, and sprinkle the worms when first seen. It is much easier to kill them then than when full grown.

ROOFING HOUSES.—Let tar be boiled in an iron pot; get charcoal finely powdered, mix it with the tar, by constantly stirring it till the whole is reduced to the state of tar, and spread it upon a boarded covering with a broad wooden trowel, to the thickness of one fourth or fifth of an inch; it will become hard and durable. It is with this composition that the peasants of Sweden cover their houses.

MARE IN FOAL.—The best treatment for a mare in foal is to give her moderate exercise daily, care being taken against over-exertion. The food should be good clover and timothy hay, well cut and salted, ground oats, and a bran mash mixed with potatoes or other roots. Feed some corn or meal, but not too much, in order to guard against milk fever. See that the colt promptly relieves the udder as soon as possible after birth.

WOOD ASHES.—Some woods furnish ashes exceedingly rich in potash, so much superior as to make them too caustic for application in excess; but such woods are not plentiful. Basswood, for instance, contains over 350 pounds of potash in every 1000, and elm 200. Apple-wood ashes are rich in lime, and contain 120 pounds of potash. Elm ashes contain a large proportion of soda, the quantity being 130 pounds. Beech ashes contain 160 pounds of potash and 53 pounds of phosphoric acid, while birch ashes contain 116 pounds of potash and 85 pounds of phosphoric acid. Tan-bark ashes contain 55 pounds potash, 268 pounds lime and 25 pounds phosphoric acid. Peat ashes are very inferior, containing only 15 pounds of potash, 10 pounds lime and 6 pounds of phosphoric acid.

## UNDER THE ROSE.

BY F. A. M.

There's a secret that hides in the heart of a rose,
And a story that lurks in the song of a bird,
And the secret's the dearest a heart can enfold,
The story's the sweetest that ever was heard.
But hey! for the rose that blooms close in the briar,
And hey! for the bird that sings deep in the dell;
If we look, if we watch, if we peep and inquire,
We may miss all the beauty and break all the spell!

There's a glance in a crowd that means little—or much;
There's a clasp of a hand—does the world feel it too?
All your own is the look, all your own is the touch,
And the world that jogs past is no matter to you!
Then it's hey! for the eyes that a sudden flush fires,
And hey! for the meaning that warm fingers tell:
If we look, if we watch, if we peep and inquire,
We may miss all the sweetness and break all the spell!

There's a word in your ear—do you catch it aright?
There's a kiss on your lips as the twilight drops down,
And the world thro' all time makes a pathway of light,
And your heart has a vow and your life has a crown.
So it's hey! for love's hand on the strings of the lyre,
And hey! for the lips that can kiss and not tell,
If we look, if we watch, if we peep and inquire,
We may miss all the sweetness and break all the spell!

# PRINCE AND PEASANT.

## A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

### CHAPTER XVI.

DELIVERANCE.

WITTGENSTEIN left early on Wednesday morning, and he reached Revel, a town on the coast of Esthonia, on Saturday at noon.

He had lost no time, for Revel is distant from Peterhoff nearly two hundred miles.

He drove to the inn, and sent Ivan and his two Russian servants in search of a vessel to sail for Dago immediately.

Edwards was busy rubbing down the horses, and anathematizing the stupidity of the Russian hostler, who wanted to give the animals water before they were cool.

Wittgenstein was very fond of his horses, but he knew he was safe to trust them to Edwards, so he strolled into the inn to order luncheon.

This was no exception to the generality of Russian inns, for it was untidy and dirty. The hostess was a slatternly woman, and the host a stupid-looking peasant, with no more brains than his own sign-post.

This boorish individul cringed before the Prince, who gave his order with the strong feeling of disgust at this man's servility, which every noble nature feels at obsequiousness from a so-called inferior.

Wittgenstein sat down in the dusty room, and looked about him with intolerable disgust at the laziness and improvidence of these people.

"Why are my countrymen so different from the poor of other lands, I wonder? It must be their gross ignorance, that so debases them.

"If something could only be done to raise them above the brute creation.

"A poor man in England, or more particularly in America, is often as well-read, as intellectual, nay more so, than a rich one. Why is it different here? Why?—Because there is no freedom, the press is not free; there is no liberty of opinion, no liberty of conscience; the people are trodden down in the very dirt, and they dare not complain. That man's manner to me is the most bitter reproach I could feel.

"Would not any stranger read in it the curse of our country?

"The oppression that has ground the souls and minds and hearts out of our people. Oh! that a free land was my native land, where an honest man could look me boldly in the face, fearing nothing!"

The entrance of Edwards cut short the sad reverie, and the trainer came forward, wiping his face with a gay red cotton handkerchief, and exclaiming. "Vy hoff hall the hold, dirty, rabbit-varens, this yer place beats all hi hever vas hin; hif hi sits down hi'll stick fast, hand not rise from my seat for heleven years, like the chaps with the petitions in the streets hat ome in Lunnon.

"Vy, Lord love you, your Igness! you vont rise hagun from that blessed chair, till the day of judgment, hif you do then, vich I doubts.

"Hi do believe, blow me, hif I don't, the hinmates of this yer hinn ar got a touch of the foby.

"Hif not, vy'har they frightened hof water, let halone soap.

"The honly time they like vater, his to give hit to orses, ven their a steamin vith eat. Ho! the dirty varmints, their vurs than Lunnon Harbs, hime blessed hif they hain't."

When Wittgenstein was over, Ivan and the other men returned to say that a vessel would leave for Dago that evening.

"Will not the Captain sail at once, if we pay him well?" inquired the Prince.

"Yes, your Highness," said Ivan, "he will sail in an hour, if your Highness will pay him two hundred rubles."

"Go back, Ivan, and tell him I will give two hundred to go, and the same for the return trip, if he will start without delay."

Ivan left the room, and returned in a quarter of an hour, to say that the Captain agreed to this proposal, and the Prince arranged with the landlord of the untidy Inn for Edwards and one of the Russians to remain at Revel in charge of the horses; the other man Ivan accompanied their master to Dago.

Edwards walked down with the Prince to the wharf where the vessel lay.

The Captain stood on the wharf giving some orders to the men, who were stowing provisions on the deck.

He was a slight fair-haired German, and Wittgenstein was glad to see this.

A foreigner would be more independent and less easy to intimidate, than a Russian.

"Good day," said the Captain, approaching with the rolling step of those who spend the most of their time on the deck of a ship.

"Good day," returned the Prince, eyeing the man keenly, to try and read his character in his face.

What he saw there did not displease him.

Fritz Muller was a man of about twenty-six years, tall and slight, but muscular; his light, graceful form did not give the idea of strength, but muscles, strong and fine as steel, lay under the fair skin, and the little graceful figure, had not an ounce of flesh to spare.

All of his men knew their fair-faced, slender Captain could lift weights they could not move, and stand exposure such as no other man on board the ship could face, and they respected him accordingly.

His face was fair, his hair, moustache and whiskers golden, his features regular, and his eyes steel-blue.

While Prince Wittgenstein studied him, Fritz Muller studied the Prince.

In personal appearance they were not unlike, but Wittgenstein was a much larger man than the German. His shoulders broader, his chest deeper.

The mutual scrutiny seemed to satisfy both men.

Wittgenstein read in the open honest face of the German, that he was the man of all others best suited for the occasion and Muller saw that Wittgenstein was a man of honor, a man he need not blush to serve.

"Will you be ready to sail immediately?" inquired the Prince.

"Yes, Mynheer, I will sail at once. You had better go on board without delay."

Edwards stood back, an unobserved admirer of the German Captain's well-trained figure.

He was not deceived by the slightness of that form.

In the light, clearly-cut outlines, he could see the well-trained muscles, the firm unyielding flesh.

Not even his own stalwart master, strong though he was, could equal this stranger in a trial of strength or endurance.

"Good-bye, Edwards; take good care of yourself and the nags.

"We shall get to Dago on Monday with this fair wind, and, if all goes well, start again for Revel on Tuesday morning.

"The return trip is generally quicker, so we may see you again on Wednesday night. Try if you can induce those people to dust out their house, and have something clean for us to eat."

"Hi'll try, your Igness, but don't blame me hif hi don't succeed, cause hit his hay moral him-possibility to make that er man vash hanything.

"Now, hif we ad ha arf ha cheese, han hay barrel hof hale, vy we might make the one women putty snug when she did harive; but has for their 'ouse, h—wus, hit his, sure hanuff, wus than hanything has ve vould set down to pigs in Hingland. Wus than get hout, has the sayin is."

"Have you such a poor opinion of Russian ale, as that?" asked the German, with a smile.

"Hullo! Hullo! there you speaks Hinglish.

"Hi might a knowed hit. Vy vhere vould you a got them muscles hit you adent a been trained hin Hingland?" As Edwards spoke, he seized the sailor's hand and wrung it warmly.

He was so delighted to hear his native tongue again; he could have embraced the Teuton on the spot.

"Yes, I have been often in England, but I never trained either there or elsewhere. All my muscles come from plain hard work, and regular diet. You are an English trainer?"

"Yes, I have brought Edwards from England with me," said the Prince.

"Hi'll see you hagain when you come back," said Edwards to the German, and so they parted.

The vessel weighed anchor, and was soon standing out to sea, under all sail, a fair wind bearing her bravely on.

Edwards returned to the inn, to wait the return of Prince Wittgenstein.

The Englishman knew too little of Russia to realize what a perilous enterprize it was his master had engaged it.

### CHAPTER XVII.

STORMING OF THE CASTLE.

SEVEN o'clock on Monday morning had just chimed from the belfry of the chapel at Platoff Castle, when the good ship "Frow" dropped anchor, just below the huge black rock on which the Castle stood.

It was a calm, cold morning, and the Castle loomed up grimly against the clear blue northern sky.

The tide rolled in at the foot of the rock, fringing its dark base with white yeasty foam, and the sea-gulls screamed and soared above it, as if shouting out a warning of the coming invasion.

Prince Wittgenstein and Captain Muller had come to an excellent understanding during their voyage.

The Captain heard why Wittgenstein paid this visit to the barren island, with great surprise, and no small indignation.

He at once promised the Prince his hearty assistance, and that of his crew stout Germans, to a man.

"My men," said the Captain, on the morning of their arrival, when had piped all hands on deck, "Do you see that grim-looking old Castle up yonder?"

"Aye, sir," was the reply, as one and all raised their eyes to the Castle.

"Well mates, there is a lady there, kept there against her will—a prisoner, kidnapped by a villain.

"Now, shipmates, I ask you what is our duty, as brave honest tars, on this occasion?"

"Overhaul that Castle, rescue the lady, and blow that said villain sky-high," said the cockswain, turning his quid in his cheek, and casting his eye threateningly aloft at the gloomy Castle.

"Right, old ship!" exclaimed the Captain. "Do you agree, mates?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply.

"And," said Wittgenstein, stepping forward, "I will give fifty rubles to every man who goes with me to storm the Castle."

A loud cheer broke from the crew, and the matter was soon arranged.

Six of the men went with Muller, the Prince and Ivan, and five remained on board with Wittgenstein's other servant.

They pulled ashore in two boats and landed.

They walked rapidly up the winding road to the Castle gate.

As Pere Hieronimo had reminded Feodora, the Castle walls were high, and the gate locked with a huge padlock.

This fact had escaped the girl's notice, for the Captain had conducted her in at a small private gate, of which Count Platoff alone possessed the key.

He had furnished the Captain with a duplicate key, and the sailor had taken it away with him.

Wittgenstein sounded the alarm by knocking loudly on the stout gate, and waited for an answer.

None was vouchsafed. Then the German came forward. "Let me knock, Mynheer. I will bring them if they are alive."

He took a stout cudgel from the hand of one of his followers, and commenced an onslaught that threatened to lay the thick oak planks in fragments.

"In the name of St. Nicholas! what madman is at the gate this morning?" grumbled Nikita, the porter, as he rose slowly from the top of his stove, where he lay in his sheep-skins, quite luxuriously.

"Stir thyself, idiot!" cried an old serf woman, who sat smoking her pipe in the corner of the great dirty kitchen. "Stir thyself, fool! Thou wilt repent thy slowness when thou findest Platoff waiting, for only Platoff or the demon would make that noise."

"The master?" cried Nikita, in the utmost confusion, at the bare thought.

"Yes, the master! who else would come at this hour, fool?" inquired the polite old lady, knocking the ashes from her pipe, coolly.

"But, why should not he come in at the little gate?" said Nikita, who was searching for the key in an agony of trepidation.

"Why, because he gave the key of the small gate to the captain."

"So he did; well, thank the Virgin, here it is at last." So saying, he hurried away and was soon at the inside of the gate—the German, who was losing his small stock of patience, keeping up a running fire of lusty blows on the outside.

Nikita drew down the bar, and unlocked the gate with hands that trembled with fear of the terrible master, whom he supposed to be waiting on the outside.

Meanwhile the conspirators were consulting about their next move. "Knock down the porter with the cudgel," suggested the cockswain, who was rather a blood-thirsty character when roused.

"No, no," said the Captain, "Let us try peace first, and if it won't do, then war be it."

The gate was now opened, it swung inside, and, eager to follow up this important point, the party pushed in before the astonished and affrighted Nikita had time to prevent their unceremonious entrance.

The serf stood aghast as nine strangers, armed with cutlasses and pistols, passed him, and stood fairly within the walls of Platoff Castle.

He was thankful, however, that it was not the dreaded Count; who was both hated and feared by his retainers.

"Who are you?" asked Nikita, when he recovered his astonishment sufficiently to speak.

"I am Prince Wittgenstein," said Constantine, "and I came here to rescue Mademoiselle Cazlett, detained here against her will, and contrary to the law of Russia. Your master is a noble, but he has not the power to imprison the free subjects of the Czar.

"I will release the lady, and woe to the one who lifts a finger to prevent me."

To this address, delivered in a stern tone of authority, Nikita answered never a word.

He offered no resistance to their onward progress, and so they reached the Castle door.

It was open, and they entered and looked about them.

"I wonder where the lady is?" said the Prince, in English to Muller.

"Ask the serf," returned the German, in the same language.

"Where is the lady?" inquired Wittgenstein of Nikita, who stood in open-mouthed horror.

"Yonder," he replied, pointing to the wide stair-case.

"Shall I go up alone?" asked the Prince, who turned to Muller for advice.

"No, let us all go, in case of a surprise."

They proceeded slowly up, and paused at the first doorway.

"Knock gently," whispered Muller.

The Prince obeyed. He tapped gently; a light footstep crossed the room, the door opened, and Zoe stood before them.

The child was struck dumb with fear when she saw the party of armed strangers. Wittgenstein looked over Zoe's head and saw Feodora seated at a breakfast table in company with two other women.

She was gazing at him in the wildest amazement.

The Prince was speechless from emotion; he had been tortured by fears and torn by doubts; and now that she was before him, safe and sound, in all the might of her dazzling beauty, in all the appealing surroundings of her great helplessness, he felt that this girl, whom he had never seen till a few short weeks before, was a part of his life—that a strange mystictie bound him to her. He met the warm passionate gaze of her great dark eyes, and realized that, to be away from her, was wretchedness; to be with her, bliss unspeakable.

"Feodora! my own love, come to me," he said, in a strange, low tone. She rose from her seat, and, crossing the room rapidly, threw herself in his arms, and burst into tears.

The long days and nights spent in this awful place, the agony of suspense she had endured, and the sudden change, as from darkness to light, had so dazzled and confused her, that she saw no one, heard no one, heeded no one, save Constantine—he was there! He still loved her.

No one saw this unmoved. The rough sailors felt kindred drops to those flowing down Feodora's cheeks spring to their own eyes.

Even Annette was touched by the passionate emotion of the young girl, and Zoe cried with friends, though she scarcely knew why.

"Feodora mia, cara mia, weep not, my darling, my angel, my own," cried the Prince, fondly kissing the beautiful downcast face that lay, in the wild abandonment of grief, upon his breast.

"Oh! Constantine, I thought you no longer loved me. I thought you had deserted me forever," sobbed Feodora.

"No, my love, ten thousand times no! Come with me, back to St. Petersburg; you shall be my own darling wife, love; and I will be revenged on the ruffian who has dared to offer you insult."

Annette's eyes sparkled eagerly as she heard these words.

Oh! if this man would only revenge Feodora; he would also execute judgment on the villain who had ruined her child, and driven her mad.

Annette was naturally vindictive, and her helplessness only rendered her more so. She had waited so many years for her revenge, and she gloried in thought that it had come.

"You need not wait to go to St. Petersburg, monsieur, we have a cure in the Castle. Oh! monsieur, le Comte Platoff does wish us to be exceedingly religious. Let the marriage be at once—to-day—this very hour. Pere Hieronimo will be happy, so happy, to perform the ceremony."

Feodora was completely taken by surprise by this display of vivacity on the part of Annette—the old woman having maintained a sullen silence during her stay at the Castle.

Wittgenstein was glad that Annette had suggested this plan.

This was a clear way out of the difficulties that stood in his way. If he married Feodora in St. Petersburg, it would be a world's wonder; but if he married her here, quietly, she would go back to the capital his wife. No one could object, then; the deed would be accomplished.

"You are right, old lady; I will marry the lady at once. Send for Pere Hieronimo that I may speak with him. Sit down, Feodora, and do not weep, my love; your troubles are over, and it shall be the study of my life to render you happy."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MARRIAGE.

ANNETTE left the room, and Feodora sat motionless, her bosom still rising and falling with sobs, and her great dark eyes full of tears.

Zoe stood near her, and gently pressed her hand.

The child was bewildered by the strange scene.

She was not aware that Feodora had been conveyed to Dago against her will, and that this party of armed men were rescuing her from what was to the Russian girl a gloomy prison.

Zoe had never known any home but this, and she was happy here, in a strange, unchildlike way.

She did not understand why Feodora should weep so bitterly and cling to the tall handsome stranger, and, when she heard Annette propose that they should at once be united, Zoe felt as if she was in a dream.

She looked up at Wittgenstein and, as children are keen readers of the human face she read his, and felt that his was a noble nature.

Annette sat by the table, staring blankly before her, singing and murmuring softly to herself.

She looked straight at the strangers, but evidently neither saw nor heeded them.

It was a sad and fearful thing to see the poor lost creature, her thin, ghastly face, her wild, unmeaning eyes and fragile form, and listen to the senseless gibber that never ceased, and consider that this woman was still young—that she had once been beautiful, and that cruel treatment and heart-breaking agony had brought her to this deplorable state of hopeless idiocy.

Frits Muller and his men stood silent spectators of all that was passing.

The quiet Germans were shocked at the appearance of the wretched Aimee.

She was so thin, so white, that she seemed to the stout hearty sailors like some unearthly creature, and they stared at her in horror-stricken silence.

Wittgenstein knelt on the floor beside Feodora, and soothed her with loving words till her composure was restored, and she once more looked up at him with the old fond gaze he loved so well.

"My own love, you must banish all this from memory. When you come to St. Petersburg as my dearly loved wife, you will forget all that has passed before. Will you not, my own?"

"Yes," she replied, softly.

"And who is this child, Feodora?"

"Hush, dear! I will tell you some other time."

"Is she a prisoner also?"

"No, Constantine, she is *his* child," whispered Feodora, fearful that Zoe would hear her.

The Prince started and regarded the child fixedly.

"And the poor idiot yonder?"

"She is his wife, and the mother of the child."

A horrified look was Wittgenstein's only answer to this strange disclosure, and further conversation was prevented by the entrance of Annette and a white-haired, venerable man, in the purple vestment of a priest.

Wittgenstein rose and bowed to him, and Annette introduced him as the good Pere Hieronimo.

The good father eyed the noble-looking young man with kind and favorable glances.

He was thankful that this young and beautiful girl was rescued from a fate as terrible as that of Aimee.

Annette had no idea of the rank of Feodora's lover.

She thought he was merely some gay young officer who had been charmed by the girl's beauty, and Feodora herself was such a perfect lady in her appearance that Annette fancied that she might be some gay court lady.

Pere Hieronimo drew Wittgenstein to one side, and spoke to him seriously, pointing out the importance of the step he was about to take.

"This marriage will make or mar your whole future life. Do nothing rashly, my son. Consider well."

"I have considered, my father. I cannot be happy unless I marry this young girl. I have been living a wild, reckless life, and I intend to reform; and this young girl is so pure, so innocent, she will teach me a better life."

"Have you the consent of your parents?"

"My father is no more; my mother is living at Iwer. She has never yet refused me anything that I set my heart on, and she would not refuse me her consent had I time to obtain it. This girl is my inferior in station, and, if our marriage took place in St. Petersburg, it would cause much more stir than I care for, but if we are quietly married here I will present my wife at court, and beg the Empress to show her favor. So all will be well. Get the ceremony over as soon as possible. I have already exceeded my leave of absence."

"Very well, my son. Will you tell me your name?"

"Prince Constantine Wittgenstein."

The priest started.

He had no idea that the rank of the young was so high.

"I will proceed to the chapel, your highness. Annette will conduct you and your party thither."

The Prince returned to where the party were assembled, and, taking Feodora's hand, drew her arm within his own.

"Come, my love, are you ready?"

"Yes, Constantine," she replied, looking up with a fond smile, and the loving expression of her face was not unmixed with triumph.

Annette led the way down the stairs, along the vast hall, out of a door, and along a narrow passage.

They passed into the chapel.

Ivan bowed their heads and crossed themselves devoutly, but the Germans walked in with reverent faces, but erect heads.

Pere Hieronimo stood before the altar, and the Prince led Feodora up to him, and placed her at his own left hand.

He then handed two rings to the priest, who blessed them, and placed them on the altar.

Feodora and the Prince then sank on their knees.

Pere Hieronimo, making the sign of the cross over the kneeling pair, exhorted them to love each other and blessed them.

He then signed for them to rise, and, placing the hand of Feodora in that of the Prince, led them three times around the altar,—the German captain and Zoe holding a silver crown over their heads.

A piece of rose-colored satin was now laid on the marble floor, and here the Prince and his bride were placed.

The priest now put one ring on the third finger of Feodora's left hand, and the other on that of the Prince.

They stood for some time on the silver embroidered satin, the crowns held over their heads.

The priest led them to the altar once more and, kneeling, they received the Holy Communion.

Then Pere Hieronimo, in loud and solemn tones that rang through the quiet chapel, pronounced them man and wife, and bestowed the benediction of the church on the newly-married pair.

The ceremony was over, but the bride and groom remained on their knees for some time engaged in silent prayer.

The only bright sunshine of that cold, cheerless day now fell through the richly-stained oriel window on the kneeling pair.

It rested like a blessing from the sky on the golden hair of both bride and groom, and touched the hearts of the spectators.

They left the chapel, Feodora leaning proudly on her husband's arm, and he looking at her lovely face with passionate love.

Never had she looked so beautiful.

Her eyes shone with a soft, lambent light, for all her ambitious hopes were realized.

*She was a Princess!*

Oh, how proudly her heart beat and her cheeks flushed as Frits Muller offered respectful congratulations.

Annette flew on before, and got out cake and wine, and all the party drank to the long life and happiness of Prince and Princess Wittgenstein!

They left the castle, bidding Pere Hieronimo, Annette, and little Zoe a kind farewell.

The Prince covered the table with gold pieces, in spite of the protestations of the priest.

In half an hour the "Frow" set sail for Revel, carrying the proudest heart that ever beat on board that vessel, and that heart beat in the bosom of the youthful bride of Constantine Wittgenstein.

Not one thought had she to bestow on any left behind on the dreary island of Dago, though, in one of the darkest dungeons of the castle, a fond heart ached to learn her fate.

It was the heart of Alexis.

## CHAPTER XIX.

PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN, his lovely bride, and a party of noble friends sat at dinner in the grand old palace of Wittgenstein.

It was the month of December, but, cold as that month is in St. Petersburg, all was warm and bright, as though the titled party had met in sunny Italy.

The dinner had just been removed by well-trained servants in the purple and gold livery of the Prince, and the dessert and wine stood on the shining walnut table; for the Prince liked the English fashion of having the cloth removed with the dinner. The dining-room of the Palace was quietly magnificent. The chandeliers were dark bronze, and in them burnt the huge yellow wax tapers, rarely seen save in Russia. The ceiling and walls were wainscoted in oak, rich crimson velvet curtains hung on bronze rods before each window and door, to keep out even the least breath of the icy wind that swept through the streets of the northern capital.

The soft mellow light of the tapers shone on the elegant dresses of the ladies, the rich uniforms of the men, and, fairest among the fair, most elegant among the perfumed and jeweled beauties, was the hostess, the beautiful Princess Feodora.

The time that had elapsed since her marriage had wonderfully improved Feodora, adding to her marvellous beauty and witching grace. Her features, always refined, had now a slightly haughty expression,—the short upper lip, just the faintest curl of what looked like patrician pride. No one who gazed on Princess Wittgenstein would imagine for one moment that she was born a peasant. A French maid dressed the glorious golden hair with consummate art. Her figure, always graceful, was robed in silks and velvet. Jewels of priceless worth glittered on the snowy throat, the soft round arms, and her existence was a succession of splendid gaiety. She had been presented at court, she was one of the Empress' dames of honor, a feted belle, and acknowledged beauty! What wonder she she forgot her father? her humble origin? Her ambitious dreams were realized, and she determined to close her eyes to the past.

Captain Cazlett's grief for her supposed loss, and joy at her return, had not touched the cold, calculating heart of his daughter. She felt no love for this low-minded father, who would have tied her to a clod, like Alexis.

Indeed, if her husband had permitted it, Feodora would have allowed her father to live and die in ignorance of her fate.

Wittgenstein, however, insisted on going at once to relieve the anxious father's mind; but the sailor was quick.

He correctly read his daughter's coldness in her face, and his foot had never crossed the threshold of Wittgenstein Palace.

Guido had come once, before his departure for Rome, to look on the splendors of his beautiful niece; but, though Feodora was kind, the warm-hearted Italian felt chilled and strange. He was not a welcome guest.

Alexis Paulowitsch had disappeared the same day as Feodora, but he had never returned. No eye had seen him, and his mother and sisters mourned for him as for the dead.

This did not concern the Princess, nor did the thought that, but for her the young wood-carver might still be the comfort of his mother, and the light of his humble home, ever give her one moment's uneasiness.

The conversation at that table was of Court life, the Royal family, the Czar, and all such lofty subjects.

Feodora's native quickness, and her knowledge of French, enabled her to take an active part in it.

She laughed with soft, silvery laughter, smiled to ears polite, at the *bon-mots* of Count de Puligny, the *bel esprit* of the party, and chatted with a fat German noble with such quiet intelligence, that his affections were completely won.

Count Sergie Roboff sat on the left hand of the Princess. This young man still professed a violent admiration for the Princess, and Wittgenstein often laughingly declared his jealousy of the boy.

Sergie sat with his eyes fixed on the lovely face of the hostess; as she talked with the old German; her face wore an unwonted expression of seriousness, and the taper fingers toyed with the grapes on her plate in an absent way.

The German talked of the coming war with England, the "shadow no bigger than a man's hand," that spread and darkened the land from the Black Sea to the Arctic Ocean.

Feodora listened with eager interest. Was the interest real or feigned? Surely real. Was not her husband a soldier?

Rarely beautiful the young wife looked that night. Her dress was of pale green velvet; her jewels a bridal gift from the Czar, and truly they did not shame the Royal giver.

The tiara, necklace, eardrops, bracelets, brooch and buckle that fastened the girdle round the slender waist, were the clearest diamonds, set in rose crystals.

The effect was exquisite, the rare rose-tinted crystals from the Siberian mines being only less valuable and brilliant than the dazzling gems to which they formed a setting.

Rich white lace trimmed the dress, and a beautiful bouquet, of white jasmine and tube roses, lay on the table.

There were many noble ladies of the party but, had a stranger been questioned as to which of them was the noblest, the best born, he would have answered, without the slightest hesitation, "The Princess Wittgenstein."

"Did you attend the Court to-day? I did not see you there," said Roboff, jealous that Feodora was bestowing so little attention on him.

"No. Constantine thought it was too cold for me to venture out," she replied, carelessly.

"The Prince is careful of you," remarked the German, "as indeed he should be. Such a lovely flower must be also a tender one."

Feodora bowed her head slightly. She was feeling rather tired of the old man, and she took her husband's care as a matter of course.

The Prince loved his wife with a passionate love, and delighted in nothing so much as pleasing this fair young creature.

Not a lady of the Court wore such rich dresses, such costly gems. She was favored by great kindness from all the royal family, and was already a leader of fashionable society.

The Russian ladies are generally quiet, and rather stiff in their manner; but the Princess was grace itself, and her lively and fascinating manner had made her very popular with everyone.

There was one bitter drop in her cup, however. Wittgenstein's mother had acknowledged his marriage by an angry letter, only.

She had accused him of gross ingratitude for marrying without her consent, and marrying beneath him; and declared her fixed intention of withdrawing from St. Petersburg society, because she would be compelled to receive a daughter-in-law she disapproved of.

The Prince felt his mother's unkindness severely, and was certain Feodora did also; he redoubled his kindness to her, and lavished more costly gifts on his beautiful idol than ever.

When the guests left the dining room, they entered the saloon, an elegant apartment, with frescoed ceiling, gilded cornice, and beautiful velvet furniture.

Massive columns of malachite divided the room, and the guests gathered into little knots and groups, to chat together, in the different recesses.

A French lady seated herself at the magnificent piano, and Feodora stood beside her; a hush fell on the chattering multitude, for the beautiful voice of their hostess was universally admired.

After a brilliant prelude, the voice of the Princess rang through the lofty room, a perfect burst of melody; clear, strong and true the rich soprano rose; then the contralto of the other came in, swelling softly—the two voices chording with exquisite sweetness.

The air they sang was from Norma, and the guests listened with breathless attention, their eyes fastened on the Princess.

She stood with a sheet of music in her hand; her beautiful face, her perfect form set off by art, and her attitude displaying them to perfection.

Her hair was dressed high on her head, crowned with the tiara of gems, and then allowed to fall, in long, silken curls, on the marble shoulders.

Her complexion was so exquisite in its clearness, that the azure veins in the temples showed delicately through the azure skin; her cheeks were a bright flush, and her eyes shone like black diamonds.

She was absolutely faultless in face and form, and Wittgenstein's heart beat thick as he thought, "This glorious being is mine."

When their guests were all gone and the Princess sat in her own little gem of a boudoir, with its soft, mossy carpet, its rose-silk furniture covered with lace, and sipped her chocolate from the fragile cup of Sevres china, she thought how different her life was from what it had been a few short months ago.

She glanced around at this room, where every article of costly luxury told of the warm love and princely generosity of the one who had surrounded her with all these elegant trifles.

On every side stood soft lounges, elegant little tables of gilt and ormolu on which vases of rare porcelain stood filled with flowers.

The walls were lined with mirrors, the ceiling frescoed, and rose-silk curtains hung over the doors and windows.

Wax-lights in gilded brackets diffused a soft radiance over the room, and a white porcelain stove, with wreaths of exquisitely painted roses, a gentle heat.

Surely Feodora was satisfied.

Had she not everything her heart could wish for?

She lay back in her luxurious couch in a house-dress of ruby velvet, trimmed with ermine; her little feet encased in gold embroidered slippers, and her long hair carefully brushed out for the night by the attentive hands of Paterie, her maid.

Paterie took the empty cup from the white, jeweled hand, and handed madame the gold and enamel prayer-book and rosary, supposing the Princess would be ready for the evening orison.

"Not yet, Paterie. Go and tell Raoul to request the Prince to come to me if he is not engaged."

"Yes, madame."

Feodora again sank back among her soft cushions and waited for the fond husband, whom she knew would hasten to her side.

Nor was she mistaken, for the Prince entered in a few moments, and, bending over her, kissed her fondly, exclaiming:

"My own, do you wish to speak with me?"

"Yes, Constantine; you know what the Baron Sternburg was saying at dinner—England was about to declare war with the Czar?"

"Yes, my love, I believe it is so; but, Feodora, it is very late, and you are tired, pretty one; let me carry you to your room."

"No, Constantine; resign your commission now at once."

"Feodora! What do you mean? Do you expect me to disgrace my name?—the name of Wittgenstein, that has never been borne by a coward?"

"But I cannot let you go to the Crimea! I cannot part with you!"

"Nonsense, love; you are a soldier's wife. Your love for me should send me there, not hold me back. You should glory in my honor, not in my disgrace. No, Feodora, in this you are wrong, and I cannot consent."

She pouted; it was the first thing he had ever refused her, and she was angry.

She had a rival—he loved honor better than he loved his idol.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTES ABOUT NAMES.—Bearup & Carraher are gas-fitters in Grand street, near East river, N. Y. Christian Angel has been arrested at Detroit for refusing to support his family. Mr. and Mrs. Recompense Sherry Murphy have just celebrated their golden wedding at Sandy Springs, Adams county, O. Mr. Kansas Nebraska Bill was married last week at Saybrook, Conn. Mr. Bill was born in the time of the Kansas-Nebraska excitement, about 1853 or 1854, when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was everywhere discussed, and his father, James A. Bill, of Lyme, named him Kansas Nebraska. He has a brother, Lecompton Constitution Bill, and another, Jefferson Davis Bill, has just been graduated at Eastman College. Michael Sir Shepherd lives at Ilford, England. When his mother was bidden, "Name this child," she curtsied and replied: "Michael, sir," and Michael Sir it was. An old Irish song records a parallel case, where a dog, answering to the name "Dennis," was making himself too busy at the christening, and had to be checked by the mother, with the result described:

"'What's his name,' says the priest; 'Down, Dennis,' says she;
So Down Dennis Bulgruddery they christened me."

Doctor Willard Bliss is the name of Dr. D. W. Bliss, who attended President Garfield. He was so christened after Dr. Willard, who presided at his birth at Auburn, nearly fifty years ago. The Rev. William Napoleon Barleycorn has been sent to Fernando Po as a missionary by the English Primitive Methodists. Mr. Arthur Wellington Waterloo is an ex-army surgeon in England. Mr. Eldersley Clinton Dorlard de Clements keeps a laundry at Detroit. Messrs. Nova Zembla and Kamtschatka Johnson are residents of St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Hieronymus Popp, of Brighton, Mass., recently popped his knife through the cheek of an anonymous fellow-resident. Master Endymion Garfield Chester was recently christened at Milwaukee, Wis. Six names were put in a hat and his parents drew two. Misses Calla and Rose Budd are the daughters of Mr. Charles Budd, of Carthage, New York. Mr. Aaron Burr Hays, the oldest bank cashier in the world, died recently. He always signed his name "A. B.," being ashamed of its original bearer. Miss Mazin Grace Brooks is a resident of Kansas City, Mo., her pious mother having named her (by ear) out of the hymn-book: "Mazin grace, how sweet the sound! Mr. Charles Oliver Brewster Brockway, of Chicago, was recently allowed to drop the "Brockway." His mother through gratitude to a Dr. Oliver Brewster, who had cured her of a painful malady, christened her child after him. The young man, however, complained that this "concatenated name cannot be spoken without great labor of speech and great use of time, nor can it be written without uncommon knowledge and skill in English literature." The late Mr. Lewis Hamilton, of Kentucky, left five children Mr. London Judge Hamilton, Master Southern Soil Hamilton and Misses Avenue Belle, China Figure and Hebrew Fashion Hamilton.

THE Emperor of Russia has seventy gilded chariots for use on state occasions, all of which were presented by foreign rulers.

### REMEMBRANCE.

BY PAUL MICHEL.

A cloud that sweeps the summer sky of gold,
A breath which breaks the calm of landscape fair,
A distant chime across the meadow borne,
The touch of chords in some forgotten air
Awaken sweet remembrance of a time
When thou and I were young and wisely gay.
We did not peer into the distance then—
We only knew and trusted in "to-day."

The song thou singest now hath sweetest grown
Since long ago, for years have proved its truth:
The dimples of thy cheeks are furrows now,
And yet thou art more lovely than in youth.
Perhaps mine eyes are not so clear as then—
Yet seems to me the day as freshly bright—
But everything is waked to keener sense,
Which once was but a pleasure in my sight.

Thy silv'ry hair, thy soft familiar touch,
Thy faded cheek, thy spirit's mellowed grace,
Awakeners are of all that better part
In whose resolve I can the present trace.
A while we gaze into the life that was,
Until, by countless steps, we reach one more
The life that is: and here Remembrance waits—
A nameless bark upon a hidden shore.

## Caper and Sauce.

BY ALGERNON H. COLLYER.

COME HERE, CAPER; there, jump up into my lap. You know all about it, don't you? You have a good memory for the shops where we buy sponge cake, and the boy who frightens you, and the old cat who is your deadliest enemy on earth. Don't say you can't remember that.

"You look at me with your great brown eyes, and you seem to ask, as well as a doggie can, 'What do you mean?' and I'll tell you. I must tell somebody, Caper, if I want to live.

"Years ago, down in our summer home in the country, I went out one evening to the stable to see a pair of cunning little puppies. The mother, just like you, with her long ears and bright eyes, looked up from the wicker-work basket where she lay between her black-eyed babies, and seemed to ask us our intentions.

"Old Sam, the coachman, (he was gardener and odd man, too, by the way, for we were not at all grand at the 'Beehive,') held the lantern. Its yellow light mingled with the cool, clear beams of the moon that fell through a high window and the open door. By this mingled radiance I saw the white head of Dobbin and the black head of Romeo, as they stood in their stalls; the yellow hay, the harness that glittered where it hung; old Sam with his grizzled face and red neckerchief; and the puppies, with their mother, in the big brown basket—all making a picture like one of those in German collections, with mingled and contrasting lights.

"I had been to France with my parents before, and had been charmed with those dusky, mellow interiors.

" 'One of 'em, your ma says, is to be yours, and one of 'em Master Ben's,' said old Sam. 'He wants a fine dog, most wonderful, does Master Ben, and your ma says he shall have one of these in the holidays.'

" 'I wish ma hadn't,' said I. 'Poor little things! One will have to live in the city and one here. They can't play together, and Flossy will break her heart.'

" 'By that time Flossy won't care a cent,' said Sam. 'She'll consider them growed up. Bless you! dogs don't have feelings like folks.'

"Then he threw a little blanket over the basket, and shut the lantern. We did not need it to find our way that moonlight night.

"You slept in the dusky stable, I have no doubt, for one of those little puppies was you, Caper.

"We named you both, soon after, Caper and Sauce.

"When Cousin Ben came down for the holidays I gave him Sauce.

"I always said that Sauce was not so pretty or so cunning as you, Caper, and I think so still; but nobody else could tell you apart.

"Sam was right. Flossy did not care by that time.

"But you—ah! he was wrong there—you barked after the stage in which Ben carried Sauce away long after it was out of sight; and you mourned for Sauce for three days. That is how you grew so fond of sponge cake—it was your only comfort.

"At fourteen one is a child, Caper. At sixteen one is apt to consider one's self a woman.

"It was when I was sixteen that Ben came down again. Eighteen; tall of his age, and with a dream of a moustache on his lip.

"Do you recall the evening on which we sat in the garden by the river?

"Our elders had gone to a meeting in the church.

"Sam was fishing in an old boat under the willows.

"His swinging lantern showed us a gleam of his red necktie, even a glimpse of his wrinkled face.

"You were playing with Sauce, who had come down with Ben.

"We sat on the rustic bench together.

"Did you hear what we said?

" 'How awfully pretty you are in this light, Letty! You look like an angel!'

"Yes, Caper; that is what he said, and I must have blushed, I think; and then his arm crept round my waist, and he said:

" 'Be my angel, Letty. Promise me that. Be the good angel of my life, darling.'

" 'How can I be that?' I said, frightened, trembling, scarcely guessing what he could mean. 'I am faulty enough myself, ocean.'

" 'You can be my wife, Letty,' he said; 'that is what I mean. Marry me, darling, and I shall be the happiest man on earth.'

"A sort of thrill ran through me. I trembled like a leaf.

"I sat quite still for a moment, and then started up, bursting into tears.

" 'Oh, Ben, Ben,' I cried, 'you have spoilt everything! We were such friends; and how can we ever be so again? Marry you? Why, Ben, we are cousins!'

" 'Cousins often marry, Letty,' said Ben.

" 'Not those who have known each other always, as we have,' returned I. 'No, no, Ben.'

" 'Letty, don't you care for me at all?' asked Ben.

" 'Just as if you were a brother,' said I.

" 'Brother!' repeated Ben, with deep disgust. 'Do you mean that, Letty?'

" 'Of course I do,' said I.

"Ben went away before daylight next morning with Sauce.

"I heard the dog bark as I lay awake in my bed.

"I heard his master call to him, and I dared not get up and peep through the window, lest he should see it.

"I had cried all night. I was heart-broken.

"Oh, Caper, how little I knew myself! How little I knew myself!

"Now, I'll tell you, Caper, my pet—but you must not tell Sauce—I'll tell you a secret.

"That night I fell in love with Ben, and I knew that cousins might marry, and that Ben was not like my brothers to me; but it was no use now—no use.

"Ben came to us no more.

"In a year or two we heard that he was a professor of music.

"After that someone told us that he had had 'trouble with his eyes.'

"Then we heard that he married to a young German lady, a daughter of his old music-master.

"But all these tidings were very vague.

"Ben's mother, who had been my mother's sister, had been dead for years, and now his father also was gone.

"Nobody knew, nobody but me, why Ben cut us all, and did not even write when he married the German lady. You and I, Caper, we knew.

"I did not marry. Our people wondered why I refused Squire Alden; why I could not say yes to young Doctor Deane, who loved me dearly; why such a splendid match could be put by by a young woman who saw her twenty-seventh year coming rapidly towards her, and was only passably pretty.

"You knew, Caper, for you knew Ben.

"Ah, how love comes upon us!

"How he goes I do not know.

"Once come, does he ever go? Answer me, Caper.

"Yes; I was twenty-seven—twenty-eight—thirty, and at thirty my finest offer was make me.

"At least, everyone thought so.

"He had position, money, fine appearance, this man.

"At forty he was just at the proper age for a woman of thirty.

"I refused him once; but I did it so gently that he came again.

" 'You say you do not love me,' he said. 'Miss Letty, if you love no one else, the rest will come. I know that I should be able to make my wife love me—a wife I adored. Think of it a few days, then answer me.'

"It seemed impossible that he should not be able to do so—utterly impossible.

"He was a man women all admired—better still, a man whom men liked.

"I thought it over. I said to myself:

" 'What can come now of the dream you dreamt at sixteen?'

"Yes, Caper; and I said to myself also, 'Ben is married: Ben has forgotten you; patch up your heart, and be loved and petted as happy wives are. Don't drift into solitary spinsterhood.

"Yet something held me back. Oh, Caper, what was it? What could it be?

"I walked restlessly about the house—our winter house in town.

"The rooms were spacious, the ceilings high, but I felt smothered.

"It was a gray, dull day, but I felt that I must breathe the outer air, and, putting on cloak and hat, I set off and walked on, thinking, thinking, thinking of everything but the way I went.

"You followed me, Caper. You knew I never took you with me in the city; but I was not thinking of you, and you took advantage of it.

"There is a park in the city—we won't tell where. Nursemaids walk there with their charges, and great trees reflect themselves in the basin of the pretty fountain.

"I turned into this park, and went and stood by the fountain and looked down for hours.

"All the nursemaids had wheeled their charges home.

"In the park there was besides myself only one person—a gentleman, and before him ran a dog.

"A moment more, and I saw that a card was fastened to the dog's collar, and that he led the gentleman, who was blind.

"As for the dog, what a likeness to you, Caper!

"And then and there you began to bark, and, not for anger, to jump on me, to run toward the other dog, to bark again.

"And that other dog strained at his cord and barked, too, and the gentleman cried, 'Sauce, Sauce! Be quiet, Sauce!'

"And I called, 'Caper, come here!'

"And we both stood still; and I knew that the handsome blind gentleman was my cousin Ben, and no one else.

"The beard had altered him a great deal, but I knew him.

"Caper, come here—come here directly, Caper! You did it all. If you had not barked, we would have passed each other—we might never have met again.

"When he takes me to his heart, and tells me that I am the light of his life, I am the happiest woman upon earth.

"I have not made a grand match, Caper, and I know people say that I missed my chances; but we know better, doggie.

"And I don't know what I shall do when you follow Sauce into the undiscovered country to which dogs go at last.

"It must be soon, for you are very old now, and your name seems a jest, for you only know all our love-story. Poor old Caper!"

## Wiser and Happier.

BY C. A. K.

"MY Maude is a human sensitive plant," said Mrs. Beck rolling up her eyes. "Yes, and I sometimes tremble to think of the stern rebuffs she is destined to meet, when circumstances force her out into the frozen atmosphere of this cruel world. Ruth," with a curious change of intonation, "go directly and see if Miss Dodge has sent home that basket of bleached linen!"

Ruth Beck was a slender, olive-complexioned girl of eighteen, with dark eyes full of indescribable plaintiveness.

"It is not sent home yet, aunt Myra," said she. "Mrs. Dodge's daughter is very sick, and——"

"Mrs. Dodge's daughter's sickness is nothing to me," said Mrs. Beck sharply. "Business is business, and if Mrs. Dodge can't undertake my table linen, I must find somebody who can."

"I was going to say, aunt Myra——"

"Say it then quickly, and don't stand there all day with the door open," said Mrs. Beck, in a very audible whisper.

"If I might go over and help her for a little while," pleaded Ruth. "There is nothing very especial to do at home to-day and——"

"Ruth, I am surprised at you," said Mrs. Beck.

"Nothing very especial indeed. There's always something to do in a house like this. I suppose you would like dear Maude to turn herself into a drudge while you're running about, waiting upon all the sick poor people in creation. If you're really suffering for something to do, you may go down and help Mary Jane with the preserving. She never in the world will get through by herself. And, Ruth—here—see that Maude's pink muslin is starched and done up: she wants to go sketching in the woods this afternoon."

And having delivered these behests in that sort of shrill undertone, which is easier to distinguish than an absolute shout, Mrs. Beck smoothed the wrinkles out of her face called up the regulation smile, and returned to the boarder whom report announced to be rich, well-descended, and desirous of taking unto himself a wife.

"Oh, you are going out?" said she.

"Yes, I am going out," said Mr. Ildray, carelessly taking up his hat.

"Do take that lovely walk down towards the glen," said Mrs. Beck.

"Dear Maude often goes there to study the beauties of nature. There's a large cavern there somewhere—they call it the Lover's Cave, I believe—but I really never could find it, and if I could, one has a natural dread of spiders and ear-wigs, and all those horrid things! And——"

But, without waiting to hear the conclusion of the widow's harangue, Mr. Ildray slipped through the open door of the room, and fairly took flight down the cool and shady arches of the garden paths.

"What a mother-in-law to have!" he said to himself.

"And yet I suppose the poor woman means well—and Maude is a gentle and beautiful girl, with a world of undeveloped possibilities in her nature. And what is more to the purpose, she loves me. Or at least she told me as much last night, when we sat together in the moonlight. And if I could once get her out of this hard, grinding atmosphere, I believe she would blossom into the sweetest perfection. Dear little Maude! she has no idea of fortune-hunting, however that hatchet-faced old mother of hers may scheme and manœuvre. If ever there was a pearl of purity, Maude Beck is one."

So Kenneth Ildray sauntered down into the cool depths of the glen, where the merry little cascades danced over the mossy rocks, and the tremulous ferns lifted their slender green banners towards the golden sunshine.

Deeper and deeper he penetrated until at last, stooping to gather a pink pale blossom that quivered like a jewel on the edge of the chasm, he caught sight of an opening in the rocks, half veiled by trailing blackberry briars and bushes of aromatic sweet ferns.

"Ah," said he immediately to himself, "this must be the cave."

With a man's natural curiosity he entered the aperture, making his way cautiously along over slippery rocks, and bowing his tall head to suit the dwarfish height of the moss-enamelled walls, until at last he found himself wedged in, with no prospect of any further discovery.

"And now," he said still to himself, "I may go back the way I came."

At the same moment, as it seemed to him, the sound of voices from above chimed on his ear.

"We're quite alone here, Ruth," said a clear merry accent, which he had no difficulty in recognising as Maude Beck's.

"You can hang up your stockings to dry in the sunshine, while I go on with my sketching."

"Very awkward of me to step into the brook," said Ruth, in the plaintive minor tone in which she always spoke. "My boots are full of water."

"Just sit down here and slip them off," said Maude. "They'll soon dry."

"They are directly over my head, perched on the rocks," thought poor Mr. Ildray. "How on earth am I to get out of this stony prison house?"

"I thought perhaps our boarder might be down here somewhere," said Maude, after a brief silence. "Oh dear, how stupid of me to bring my pencils with unsharpened points. And my pen-knife is as dull as a hoe!"

"Maude!" said Ruth, suddenly.

"Well?"

"I wish you would tell me what you mean."

"Just at present I mean to sketch that old tree-stump, with the wild roses blossoming all over it. And then I shall go home to tea and put on the muslin dress that you have ironed so beautifully, and——"

"Maude, don't talk nonsense."

"Well, you did iron it beautifully, you know."

"But I'm not talking about dresses and tree-stumps," said Ruth; "I am talking of Mr. Ildray."

"Oh, Mr. Ildray. Then why didn't you say so?" retorted Maude, while the prisoner below involuntarily bit his lip.

"I suppose I should frighten them off into the stream if I bounced out now," said he to himself. "But I wish I was anywhere in the world but here."

"Do you love him?" said Ruth.

"Dear me what a question," laughingly repeated Maude. "If your eyes were arrows of jet, they couldn't pierce deeper into my very soul."

"No, but answer me. Do you?"

"No, I don't," said Maude Beck.

And in his fastness below, Mr. Kenneth Ildray felt himself turn first hot and then cold.

"And yet you are encouraging him to a proposal?" cried Ruth.

"I must marry somebody," said Maude. "Mamma is always preaching that up to me. And Laurie Dean is as poor as a church mouse; and if I can't marry Laurie, it don't signify in the least to me who I marry."

"Very complimentary to Mr. Ildray," bitterly spoke up Ruth.

"He'll do well enough," indifferently responded Maude, her attention evidently fixed on her drawing.

"But, Maude, do leave off that everlasting shading, and answer me—is this fair to Mr. Ildray? Is it——"

"Ah, Ruth, you sly little gypsy," cried Maude, with a gay, derisive laugh, "you have betrayed yourself at last. No, don't wrench your hand away and blush up like a wild rosebud—I know your secret. You love Mr. Ildray. Ah, Ruth, poor little Ruth, I'm sorry for you! he isn't made for drudges like you; real life Cinderellas to whom the prince never comes. It's the old story of the star and the glowworm."

"Maude, Maude!" piteously pleaded the low appealing voice.

"Don't cry, dear," said the merciless beauty. "I shall not reveal your secret. Only you are such a fool to think that he could ever care for a swarthy little thing like you. Where are you running to, Ruth? Your stockings are soaking wet, and you couldn't pull on your boots if you were to try and you'll tear your feet all to pieces on these rough rocks. Ruth! Come back, Ruth! or wait for me, at least."

A rustling in the trees—the sound of flying footsteps—a sweet laugh, borne with mocking lightness on the breeze—and all was silent.

And Mr. Ildray came out of his enforced seclusion a wiser and a disenchanted man.

"For once I have been mistaken in my estimate of human nature," said he. "Little Ruth is a gem—a diamond of the purest water. And perhaps this temporary incarceration of mine has been a direct interposition of Providence in my favor."

Ruth Beck could scarcely believe her own ears a fortnight afterwards, when Mr. Ildray asked her to be his wife.

"But I thought it was Maude?" she faltered.

"I love you, Ruth," said Mr. Ildray. "I never could love Maude."

And little Ruth was lifted at once into the highest heaven of bliss, while Mrs. Beck is still manœuvring to secure a rich husband for her pretty daughter.

But Mr. Ildray never betrayed the secret of the Lover's Cave.

TITLES.—In Russia, as well as in Germany, Austria, and one or two minor Northern realms, a nobleman's title is inherited by all his sons, who in their turn transmit it unmodified to their male offspring, and so on ad infinitum. Needy nobles necessarily abound in such countries, and as a title is too frequently held to incapacitate its owner from practising professions or engaging in commercial pursuits, the large immigration recently into our Western States of many energetic young men, whose illustrious descent stand immovably in the way of their worldly advancement at home, may be accounted for.

WHEN MIND AND BODY are out of Sorts, with cold extremities, a yellowness in the skin, costiveness, dull headache, and an indisposition to stir about, be sure you are in for a Bilious Attack, springing from a more or less Disordered Liver. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will bring the Liver to a healthy condition, and speedily remove all biliary distress.

# Our Young Folks.

## THE TRIP TO THE SEA.

BY FRANCISCO.

IT WAS NIGHT, a night in the month of April, in the tropics, too; for our scene is laid in the lovely island of Jamaica.

Two young crabs who were mounted on a low branch of a tree, only a few feet from the ground had unfortunately set their affections on the same supper, and the consequence was first a rush and scramble, and then a quarrel, which resulted in one of the squabblers falling off the bough, right in front of an old neighbor's claws.

Crusty shook her pincers solemnly at this frivolous proceeding, and croaked reproachfully.

"Ah, Toulouru! will you never learn sense? You are the giddiest and most headstrong crab I have ever had the misfortune to instruct."

"It strikes me your days of instruction, as far as I am concerned, are nearly over," cried Toulouru, flippantly, dancing round and round her friend.

"How much longer, Crusty dear, are you going to try and keep us children? Surely we are able to look after ourselves now."

"Poor thing," murmured the old crab, sadly. "It is little you know what is before you."

Then she continued aloud, "after your march to the sea and back again I think your education will be quite finished."

"What am I going to the sea for?" inquired Toulouru, with much curiosity.

"Silly child. Is it possible you do not know that at this time of year we all go on a journey down to the sea to lay our eggs, and it is a very, very dangerous business, I can tell you; no crab who leaves her hole here can be sure of ever seeing it again."

"I think a journey will be great fun," cried Toulouru, gaily skipping about. "When are we to start?"

"The advance guard set out some days ago, and I heard some of our neighbors talking of to-morrow, or next day," replied Crusty; "but remember, you must follow me wherever I go and do everything I do, or you will be lost."

"Really, you don't say so," said our young acquaintance, more seriously; "I'll go and tell Slowcoach of our trip." And she ran nimbly away.

Crusty's anticipations proved well founded. On the following night the crabs all assembled, and solemnly taking leave of their homes set out on their long journey to the sea.

There were such a very large number of them that the procession marched in a column thirty or forty yards broad.

Some eager young crabs, of the same age as Toulouru, tried to run on ahead, but they were promptly ordered to the rear; any who disobeyed were left to their own devices, and as they did not know the country in the least, they soon lost their way, and those who escaped the dangers that menaced them on every side were only too thankful to be allowed to creep into the ranks at the very end of the procession.

The crabs now moved steadily along for a considerable time, resting during the heat of the day in holes and crevices, and travelling at night.

The leaders had often marched before, and boldly and proudly strutted in front. At last they came to a river, and Crusty uttered a croak of satisfaction.

"We are fortunate!" she cried; "when we reached this point last year more rain had fallen, and there was ever so much water; now the bed of the river is nearly dry, and we can get over easily."

"Why must we go across?" inquired Toulouru in astonishment, "why not go round?"

"Because we must go straight forward whenever it is possible," replied Crusty, impatiently. "Nothing should hinder us, and nothing does except a river."

As she spoke, the pioneers crawled down to the bed of the stream and began crossing.

For a time all went well, but a bevy of young and ignorant crabs just in front of our heroines, instead of waiting quietly for their turn, hastened on too fast after their companions; then, when they began to push and jostle each other, some—the weaker ones—stuck fast in the thick, wet mud of the water course, and the impetuous ones, not minding, crept on over their bodies; and a scene of great confusion ensued.

Many crabs were suffocated, many more, being shoved off the track, were unfortunate enough to fall into deep water-holes which occurred here and there along the river; and when Toulouru scrambled up the farther bank, having succeeded with difficulty in making her way across, she panted—

"Well! if this is the consequence of 'going ahead,' I really don't see the fun of it, and I wish I were at home again."

As she spoke, she beheld a mass of animated mud which was slowly moving towards her, and she could hardly restrain her amusement when she perceived that the object was her old instructress, who, with one eye peeping from her dirty covering, tottered towards her.

"Oh, Toulouru, my dear," she cried, "look at the state I am in—my nice blue coat all soiled, and my mouth filled with slime. How did you get off so well?"

"I suppose because I am younger and more active than you," answered our heroine, simply; "but I don't admire your plan of getting across rivers, I must say."

"Better than going round, better than going round," mumbled Crusty, with great obstinacy, as she tried to scrape the mud off her back.

"I wont go any farther till I get something to eat," interrupted Slow-coach; this being the first observation she had made since they started.

Her companions were all attention, and Toulouru cried, "I see some lovely fruit hanging from those trees in front of us; are they nice, Crusty?"

"Very nice," replied the old lady, glancing up; "they are the apples of the manchineel tree, and we cannot do better than eat some of them."

As most of the crabs seemed to have come to the same conclusion, the marching order was broken up, and the troop dispersed in all directions.

When they again started in procession, they had not gone far before they saw before them a negro village, consisting of several huts inhabited by a colony of black people.

"Now we shall have to go round," cried Toulouru, joyfully, perceiving that one house was so directly in their line of march that some crabs would have to surmount it if they did not swerve aside.

"Nothing of the kind," shouted Crusty, angrily. "Are not the people all asleep, you coward?" and if they were awake three times over we should go all the same. We must walk straight on."

"I wont," said Toulouru, positively. "I value my life a little more than you seem to do, and I'll go to the other side of the column."

"Then be off with you!" cried her enraged companion. "You ought not to be received into crab-society at all."

"I'll go with you," drawled Slow-coach, lazily; and in company with numbers of crabs as foolish as themselves they began to mount the mud walls of the dwelling.

Steadily and slowly, up they went, their claws rattling against the dry clay, and rustling in the thatch of the roof.

Across it they climbed in safely, all but Slow-coach, who, always last, happened, unfortunately for herself, to go too near the hole which did duty for a chimney, and through the aperture she tumbled, and alighted with rather a crash on the face of a chubby little black boy who was reposing on the floor, in happy unconsciousness of what his rude awakening would be.

Cuffy opened his mouth, and gave vent to a yell which caused his family simultaneously to spring to their feet, and his mother, clasping him in her arms, inquired what was the matter; but she speedily discovered the cause of the commotion herself, for Slow-coach, having no time to collect her ideas, had seized Cuffy's nose in her pincers, and held on to him like a vice.

The child shrieked and screamed with fear and pain; neighbors soon rushed in from the other cabins, and the crab, leaving her claw behind, was soon plucked from her prey, and, to make matters secure, thrown into a pot of water, in order that she might not do any further mischief.

Then the negroes, one and all, sallied forth in pursuit of her companions, for the natives full well knew that one solitary land-crab would not ever appear in their village unless the whole of the army were marching to the sea.

Away rushed the colony, men, women, and also children, after the disappearing crabs.

Hither and thither they hurried, some carrying torches, some with baskets, some with aprons, all bent on the capture of their spoil.

The poor crabs vainly clattered their nippers to intimidate their enemies; the most dexterous men men caught the crustaceans by the hind legs in order to escape their pincers, and in short time they had collected a goodly number of crabs, with which they retired to their huts, and prepared to secure their captives, and to take as much more repose as they conveniently could.

Meantime the procession of crabs, all unconscious of the mischief their missing companions had wrought, first removed all traces of the rout they had sustained by devouring those of their wounded relations who had escaped, and then moved steadily on towards the goal, taking the loss of their friends in a most philosophic way, and with only one object in their stupid heads—that of getting to the sea as quickly as ever they could.

At last they reached the end of all their journey, the sea, and there, on the yellow sands, they sported and frolicked—that is, any who were not engaged in the serious undertaking of laying their eggs.

Poor Crusty, however, now fell a victim, at last, to her obstinacy and headstrong ways.

She and Toulouru were marching together when the latter suddenly saw right in front of them a hideous creature; it was of a dark color, with six or eight eyes, and its widely-open jaws, and tail turned in a menacing attitude over its back, would have struck terror into the heart of any small crab.

Toulouru hastily pinched one of her friend's legs, and cried, "Oh, Crusty, Crusty, run! Just come a little wee bit out of the way for once; oh, do! You will be killed! There is a frightful creature in front of you."

"Let me go," answered the determined leader. "I will—I must go on."

And on she went, till the scorpion darted upon her, and inserting his venomous tail into a vulnerable part of her body, stung her to death.

Toulouru was very sorry, but she had her own safety to consider, and she could not help her unfortunate friend, so she passed on slowly; and well it was for her that she had been delayed, for a trap was set for her companions.

The negroes who had been nearly poisoned by the crabs had determined—partly from motives of revenge, and partly from wishing to get a good dinner, for they knew that no manchineel-trees grew between the sea and their village, to capture some of the crabs on their way home again, so scouts, consisting of Cuffy and his playfellows, had been constantly on the watch, and as they now reported that the crabs were coming, the whole population again turned out, and placed their baskets in a row on the ground with their empty sides turned towards the advancing file, and, wonderful as it may seem, numbers of misguided crabs walked straight into the prisons prepared for them; while the others went on their way, steadily climbing over all obstacles.

Toulouru saw the black men and the traps, and, making a slight circuit, she avoided these dangers in a very easy manner.

Many of her older companions might with advantage have copied her, but they were so very conceited that nothing would persuade them that their own way was not the best of all.

So the diminished party at length regained their homes; all dangers were forgotten; the one great undertaking for the year was over, and they inwardly thought themselves the most virtuous of crabs.

Not so Toulouru; she had returned a sadder and a wiser creature. When she shut herself up in her burrow in the next month, with an immense provision of grass and vegetables, preparatory to remaining in retirement while she was changing her shell, and growing a new suit of clothes, she thought with regret of the heavy losses her family had sustained, and resolved in future to try and coax her friends to avoid the dangers which were only too visible to her, instead of rushing into pitfalls which they could easily shun.

## TRAINING FALCONS.

IS IT THEN, says a writer, so very difficult to train and fly a hawk? The best way to answer such an inquiry will be to describe the process from beginning to end—a task which will be shortest and easiest if the little merlin is chosen as the subject of experiment. The young merlins are hatched out late in the spring, a full month later than peregrines, and are not ready to fly till the first, or perhaps even the second week in July. At this time then, or rather earlier, they will be taken from their nest in the heather—little dark-brown creatures, with bold, wide-open eyes, fierce, hissing mouths, and blue feet, armed each with four needle-like talons, ready to grab cruelly the hand put within reach.

There are almost always four youngsters in a merlin's nest, and very often two of each sex. But if the falconer is determined to train his captives only to their orthodox quarry, the skylark, it will not make very much difference to which sex they belong. The young hawks must be fed abundantly. And the first thing after they are able to attempt a flight is to take them to the "hack" place. This is an open spot, the larger the better, where the young will be left at complete liberty for the next few weeks. An open moor or large common serves the purpose admirably, as long as there is no fear of any hostile intruder armed with a gun. At a convenient and conspicuous place in the middle of this ground the food is put out—one ration for each of the hawks which are "at hack"—and every morning and afternoon they will be seen to come up from far or from near to enjoy their regular meal. For some time their attendance will be punctual enough, although each day they will be wilder and less tolerant of a man's approach. But soon their wings, which at first looked soft and rounded at the ends, become pointed and unbending. They take longer and longer flights and begin to dash and stoop about in the air. At this time nothing can be prettier than to see them darting about, half in play and half in earnest, after the birds they come across—the big and bold ones making their attack upon starlings, pigeons, and even rooks, while the smaller ones addict themselves to small birds of all kinds, and the swiftest of all venture actually to enter the lists with martins and swallows.

At length, after a fortnight or three weeks have elapsed, the attendance at meal times becomes sadly irregular. Sometimes one and sometimes another of the truants is absent for a whole day. He has begun to kill his own food; and now is the time to catch him and begin his training. He is accordingly trapped in a skilfully laid net or spring when next he comes down to the hack place; and having thus, in falconers' phraseology, been "taken up," is forthwith put under a strict course of instruction.

A hood is clapped on the head, and he is persuaded to eat his food while wearing it. After a lesson or two he is induced to wear it without objection, perceiving, as he soon does in the hands of a skilled manipulator, that by enduring to be hooded he is sure of a substantial reward in the shape of a dainty morsel of food. All this while, even when he was at hack, the young hawk has been wearing "jesses," which are short strips of fine leather or stout kid, fastened round the ankles and hanging a few inches behind. Through some small slits in these straps is now passed a swivel, with a leash attached to it, and by this leash the small and still wild-looking pupil is fastened to the gloved fist of his instructor.

He is "carried" for some hours among men, children, dogs and horses, so as to become accustomed to their presence; and by this means, being by nature neither shy nor timid nor ill-tempered, is soon "manned" or reconciled to human society. It remains only to break him to the lure, and to "enter" him, each of which processes is soon completed.

First the hawk, confined to his perch by a short string, is "called off" to a piece of food held in the hand; next to a "lure," which consists only of a sham bird weighted with lead and baited also with food. At the second lesson the short string is exchanged for a long one, and at the next the hawk, free from all restraint, is made to come a hundred yards—two hundred—perhaps nearly half a mile—to the swinging bunch of lead and feathers. Here is a "reclaimed" hawk: he can be let fly, when hungry in an open place, and recovered as soon as his owner pleases by the simple exhibition of the "lure." The process sounds simple enough, and is so when once understood.

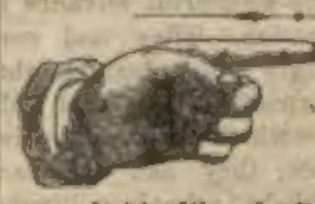
An experienced falconer will "take up" a young merlin from hack and have him trained in three or four days. Beginners will take longer; for they are sure to make a mistake or two, and each mistake throws the hawk back some twenty-four hours. But a week, or at the most a fortnight, ought to see the most obstreperous and unmanageable of all young merlins perfectly under command.

Arrived at this stage, the hawk may be taken almost at once to the stubbles or the moor-side to make his essay at a lark. Very probably he will at once fly off in pursuit, if the place is favorable and he has a good start, with lark between him and the wind. But, to make sure, it is well to feed him for two or three days before on larks killed or caught for his behoof; and the wings and feathers with which the lure is garnished will, of course, if the trainer is wise, be those of the lark.

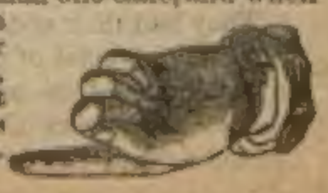
The merlin which has once started in pursuit of a wild lark will do so again on the following day, whether he has been successful or not at the first attempt. But he must be flown each time in a tolerably favorable place, so that out of his first few flights one at least may be successful. With an occasional success he will persevere and improve, whereas repeated failures will assuredly disgust and spoil him.

As long as he continues to fly with alacrity he will become each day more skilful and more deadly. He will get to know the enemy's tactics and how to defeat them. He will become a better "rooter"—more clever at seizing the quarry in his talons—as well as a stronger and bolder flyer; and if all goes well, and no feathers are broken, no colds caught, and no other mistakes made, each merlin ought to kill, between middle of August, when he begins work, and the end of September, his average of about one lark a day.

THE DRINKING OF WINE.—The early rulers of Rome, finding it impossible to prevent wine bibbing among the men, contented themselves with prohibiting it among women. They were, however, extremely particular, knowing the weakness of our common nature, not to allow the wine cellar to be committed to their care. If it was under exceptional circumstances so committed, the women were bound to use the greatest precaution with regard to the keys. A matron, who on one occasion resigned the pocket that held these keys to another, was starved by her own family for her imprudence. No less shocking a story is related by Pliny of the noble wife of Mercenius. This lady had very silily allowed herself to be seen drinking wine out of a jar. The indignant husband immediately beat her to death with a stick, and his conduct coming to the ears of Romulus was, if not approved of, excused. The evidence of a woman's guilt in this case was somewhat curious: the witness was permitted to testify about the smell of her breath. The wise Cato, who was ever animated by an ardent desire for the public good, introduced a law to make this evidence more easily attainable. It became a man's bounden duty to kiss a woman in the interest of the community at large. Cato, indeed, with somewhat near-sighted policy, confined this kissing to relatives. Horace, in an address to one of his own wine jars—for which he professed a particular affection, and regarded as being born under the same consul as himself—reminds it that even of the great Cato himself it was reported that this virtue very often grew warm with wine. If this was in fact the case, Cato is not the only man who has looked one way and rowed another. There have existed, unfortunately, differences between the examples and precepts of the moralists of all time. Addison, for instance, says some very hard things about wine. Yet we know that the same Addison appeared rather dull than sprightly in a coffee-house, but became entirely changed after a pint or two at the tavern.



Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddall's Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddall's Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



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**SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1882.**


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## KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

After all that has been given to the world, how many nations have lived, flourished, and become extinct, of which we know nothing! Think of the languages that have left no record except that which we dimly trace in a few chipped flints, perforated bones, and rude stone implements found in some dark cavern, where men, women and children once had their home or made their grave.

Long before Columbus discovered the New World there were Mexicans, Peruvians, and other peoples living on this continent, who had made wonderful advance in culture and civilization. They had constructed roads, bridges and aqueducts that had never been surpassed; they had built temples and palaces which rival the massive structures of Thebes; they had organized governments, established schools, cultivated the arts, extracted ores, mingled colors that still retain all their primeval warmth, and clothed themselves in beautiful garments; but where these people came from, and how they learned their first lessons, no one will ever be able to tell. Of their early doings history is silent.

They had their codes of law, systems of medicine, dogmas of philosophy, and vague questionings of the unseen and infinite. It seemed to them as if they were living in modern times, just as it does to us; they had no more thought of passing away into the darkness and being forgotten than we have.

And how little we really know of those nations whose history has been most fully written; what grave doubts exist as to those matters which have been most elaborately treated; and how often our great historians contradict each other, and how different are the views which they present of the same historical events; how many things they have recorded about which we care nothing, and how many have left unrecorded of which we should like to know!

Perhaps, after all, we need not regret that there is so much unwritten history, if, as Gibbon says, "history is little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." There are few periods in the annals of the past of which we can read at any length without having our blood boil; and many things have been told us of the great men of the earth of which we would prefer to have been ignorant.

There is too much clay in our grandest earthly idols, and we do not care to have the facts thrust upon us. It is not everything which a great man does or says that ought to be published to the world. There are events in history of which it is best to make very brief mention. It is probable that we know as much of the past as would be likely to do us any good, and it is quite as well that the veil is not lifted any higher.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

AMERICAN silk manufacturers called for an importation of raw silk last year to the value of $11,936,865. These importations were from Europe and England, Japan, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

—

A WELL-KNOWN English medical writer thinks that epidemics are very often spread by milk which before its delivery to consumers has been kept in vile places where it has "licked up" infection from the surrounding atmosphere.

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FEMALE suffrage is being warmly demanded in Germany just now. At a recent election in Wurtemberg city the Town Hall was fairly besieged by a number of women clamoring for permission to vote, and the police had to disperse the crowd.

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THOSE who may feel at all agrieved at Lenten fasts can solace themselves with Sydney Smith's reflection: "According to my computation, I have eaten and drank between my tenth and seventieth year forty-four horse wagon loads more than was good for me."

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AN anti-crinoline society has been established in London. It issues the following protest: "We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress, known as 'crinoline' and 'hoop' is inconvenient and ungraceful in the last extent, hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny upon the ladies of England."

—

POTATO flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining considerable importance in the arts—so much so, in fact, that in Lancashire, England, some 20,000 tons of it are sold annually, and its market value is stated to be much greater than that of wheat flour. The article is extensively used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and, on being precipitated with acid, is converted into starch. After having been calcined, it is used with advantage as a dressing for silk.

—

ORAL lessons in language have been introduced in all classes of the grammar and intermediate grades of the public schools of Burlington, Vermont. Work of the same kind has also been done in the primary schools, wherein children's magazines have been provided for supplementary reading. It is encouraging to see that the old fashioned manner of studying grammar is everywhere yielding to a method as intelligent and effective as the former one was bald, stupid and useless.

—

WORSHIPPING by telephone has become a practical success in Hartford, Conn. Every Sunday a hundred or more subscribers are put on the South Church circuit, and generally succeed in following the service with only occasional and slight interruptions. The solo singing sometimes reaches them in a rather dilapidated condition, and if the preacher turns his back upon the transmitter there is a break in the sermon; but, on the whole, the instrument does fairly well by choir and clergyman.

—

THAT phase of Paris society which may be designated as rapid, has a new dinner amusement. A number of young men club together and buy a handsome bracelet. They give a dinner, to which they invite such and such people, and after the cloth is removed lots are drawn for the jewel. All present have equal rights in the drawing. If one of the ladies gets the lucky number it is all right, but if one of the gentlemen wins there may be confusion, for he is sure to present it to one of the charmers.

—

THE students of Harvard College have organized a co-operative society for the purpose of supplying themselves, at moderate prices, with books, furniture, stationery, coal, wood and various other articles. The Harvard Co-operative Society is to begin business as soon as four hundred persons connected with the University have subscribed to the articles governing its operations, and paid an annual fee of $2 each. Until such time as the success of the society shall have justified its existence, the business will be carried on by commissions in order to prevent loss.

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A VIENNESE scientist has invented an instrument—named by him the glossograph—consisting of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. The vibration is transmitted to pencils, which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may fitly be termed glossography, is produced, based on the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants.

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"I apply myself with diligence to every kind kind of study," said the son of Confucius to the philosopher, "and neglect nothing that can render me clever and ingenious, but still I do not advance." "Omit some of your pursuits," replied the philosopher, "and you will get on better. Among those who travel constantly on foot, have you ever observed any who run? It is essential to do everything in order, and only grasp that which is within reach of your arm, for otherwise you give yourself useless trouble. Those who, like yourself, desire to do everything in one day, do nothing to the end of their lives; while others, who steadily adhere to one pursuit, find that they have accomplished their purpose."

—

AN assembly of artists and men of letters have just founded a monthly club dinner—the Waistcoat Dinner. They meet on Thursdays, in Paris. Every member is expected to wear on extraordinary waistcoat, in which he must not appear twice. At the first meeting the Baron d'Espelets's, for instance, was crimson-breasted; M. Albiot wore gold and dead leaves; M. Bourgain, sea-blue, with ships of all shapes cut out in white; Poulpot, the painter, had a yellow waistcoat studded with red fencing-foils; Baron de Vaux exhibited a black-and-silver garment like a small pall. The actresses present—who numbered among them Mme. Piccolo, of the Palais Royal; Marguerite, of the Varieties; and Renee Maurice—were uncontrolled as to costume, but had to pay their score in singing.

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THE kind Queen of Belgium showed the other day what grace a gentle courtesy adds to womanhood. In the Rue Royal, as a cabman was waiting on the stand, seated on his box, a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and sent it dancing along the street, while he, unable to leave his horse, gesticulated frantically to the passers-by, who, insensible to his appeals, were enjoying the scene. Just then the Queen drove past in her pony-chaise, and seeing the poor man's distress, stopped, and ordered a groom to get down and recover the hat. Her Majesty waited till it was caught and restored to its owner, who, now more embarrassed than before, did not know how to express his gratitude. She then bowed her acknowledgements of the awkward attempts he made to convey his sense of her condescension, touched her horses and drove off, having given a lesson to the little crowd of rather crestfallen bystanders, which it is to be hoped was not lost upon them.

—

IN a description of the theatres of Japan, Professor Morse told how the mock combats of the stage are conducted: "The fighting scenes are a Chinese importation. On being hit, the actors fall backward with great violence and stick their legs up in the air. I saw an actor representing one of the Samurai keeping an attacking party of peasants at bay with his fan. At last, when hard pressed by a number of assailants armed with spears, clubs, etc., etc., he said that he must really draw his sword, and put his hand upon the hilt for the purpose; whereupon the attacking party—thirty or forty in number—instantly fell upon their backs and stuck their legs up in the air—which token of the prowess of the upper class gave much satisfaction to the audience."

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THE evil of deadheadism on railroads has been turned to personal profit by some of the Western conductors. The passes are sometimes lent by the persons to whom they are issued. The conductor may take advantage of this in the manner described by one of them, as follows: "A man handed me a Senator's pass. 'Now,' said I, 'you are not Senator ——.' I could see that he wouldn't have the thing get out for a hundred dollars. He tried to smile, but I looked determined. Then he began to enter into a long explanation of how Senator —— had pressed the pass upon him, and wound up by handing me a $20 bill to pay his fare. When I told him that I would have trouble to get the note changed, he smiled, and said, 'Never mind.' So I kept the whole bill." A detective has caught several conductors at this trick.

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A PROMINENT French physician has just told some facts about dreams. It is well known that when a person is lying down the blood flows easily to the brain. During sleep, so long as the head is laid low, dreams take the place of coherent thoughts. There are, however, different sorts of dreams, and this writer's purpose is to show that the manner of lying brings on a particular manner of dream. Thus, according to this investigator, uneasy and disagreeable dreams accompany lying upon the back. The most general method of lying, perhaps, is on the right side, and this appears to be also the most natural method. When one sleeps upon the right side, one's dreams have marked and rather unpleasant characteristics. They are then apt to be illogical, absurd, childish, uncertain, incoherent, full of vivacity and exaggeration. Dreams which come from sleeping on the right side are, in short, simply deceptions. On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left brain, his dreams are not only less absurd, but they may also be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things—not with reminiscences.

—

THE history of Dresden china dates back to the year 1710. Until recently the work has been carried on in the old castle where the charmed secret of "how to make it" was discovered. A number of commodious buildings are now used for the work, and occupied by seven hundred workmen (we had almost said artists, for they certainly deserve that name.) The china is composed of a mixture of feldspar and kaolin. The process of making is very similar to that used in the making of any china. The principal charm is the skill and care which is used. When one sees the numberless processes of moulding, trimming, baking, decorating and polishing through which each piece of china—and, indeed, each tiny flower passes, we do not wonder at its great cost. This china has been imitated very widely, but one can always tell the genuine article by the royal mark, which is two swords crossed. There are two qualities of Dresden china; the second can be distinguished from the first by the addition of two little grooves, running at right angles with the swords. The difference between these classes arises simply from the fact that in baking the second class articles have not retained their perfect form. The demand for china is greater than can be supplied, and the majority of these orders come from England and the United States.

# The Rose of Destiny.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

HER love for the absent man seemed now more exalted and glorified.

He would save her and take care of her. O, how she trusted him.

How chivalrous, how noble he seemed!

It was long ere Joan composed herself sufficiently to sleep; for even when her eyelids grew heavy she could still hear that beguiling music of Chopin, and, mixed up with the darkness of her room and the general unsatisfactoriness of her thoughts, she fancied the music was like a mocking sprite, daring her to sleep and bringing discordance to her dreams.

* * * * * *

For the next few days Joan saw very little of Mr. Challoner. He kept his room for days, sedulously waited on by Lowten; but sometimes, as Joan came across the lawn or passed along the shrubbery drive, she caught sight of him, in a loose dressing-gown, at one of the old oriel-windows, a book in his hand and a cigar between his teeth.

Occasionally he descended into the library; and once Joan met him face to face in the picture gallery, and they entered into some fragmentary conversation, which yet had the effect of discomposing her and making her glad to escape.

Her innocent unconsciousness and impulsive remarks decidedly amused him. He liked her to enter his room, after a nervous tap at the door, to bring him any little souvenir sent by an old friend, such as the rector or the village doctor, a gray-haired old man, who had called several times at Ravensdale and mixed hot toddy as they discussed the past.

Sometimes Mr. Challoner's moods varied considerably. He would be cold and ironical; and Joan, who, spite of the dulness and monotony of her life at Ravensdale, had been brought up as a loved and petted child, felt stung and wounded, worked up at times to hot fits of rebellion, at others trembling with impatient anger; and then again, grieved at his harshness, evinced symptoms of that awkward crisis in young ladies' lives of nearly bursting into tears.

The girl began to yearn for her lover's return. This fitful erratic treatment, from a man to whom she was under heavy obligations, brought keen mental distress and nervousness with it.

She, who had been every one's favorite, to be tortured for mere caprice! Why did he wish to make her suffer? Perhaps to drive her away in rage.

Joan's splendid health lost a little of its former robustness; she was pale; she had begun to dread the cold glitter in Mr. Challoner's eyes.

She found she had also to disguise her aversion for him, and there was the absent man, who had never written to her, or given any sign of his existence.

As weeks passed on, Joan gradually lost heart. There had, indeed, been two or three very unpleasant scenes between Mr. Challoner and Joan that perplexed old Miss Carden; and on this particular evening, Joan, pleading headache, had left the dining room abruptly, while Mr. Challoner and her cousin were playing *bezique*.

She hated the game; Mr. Challoner had tried to teach her it, and it had ended in Joan flinging the cards under the table, and both of them losing their temper.

She now went quietly to her room; she did not mean to go to bed yet, for it was early, and she had never been a good sleeper; but she wanted to be alone.

"I never can bear it," muttered Joan, taking down her hair and feeling in a perfect maze of bewilderment, as she thought of the future; "nothing I ever do is right, and yet I try to please everybody. Even cousin has lately begun to scold me."

She was sitting by the window, leaning her cheek on her hand; the moon was at its full, and its uncertain light fell on the grand old beeches in the avenue, on some birch-trees to the right, and the park fencing, while beyond was the magnificent shadow of a mountain, and at its foot the faint outline of a valley.

"How beautiful it is," sighed Joan; "and how I love it all. Dear, dear Ravensdale!"

She was an Irish girl to the core, with all the passionate sentiment of the Irish for their native land; but she was also proud and brave; and in her fierce rebellion against slights and unkindness she was prepared for any struggle.

That shadowy sky, the night wind that stirred her hair, the fitful moonlight, were all emblems of her destiny. And she could understand nothing.

Meanwhile, the couple down below played *bezique*, and talked in a bright jovial way of old times and scenes.

Mr. Challoner gave a brief resume of his career abroad for old Miss Carden's benefit. They had evidently forgotten all about Joan.

But at last he yawned, still dealing his cards with carefulness, and looking at a purple butterfly that adorned his partner's cap.

Fancy a married couple, who did not care in the least about each other, sitting down to play *bezique* night after night.

"Where is Joan?" he suddenly asked, throwing away a wrong card. "What idea has she got into her head now?"

Miss Carden was very loyal; she loved Joan; she wished him to think well of her; and as yet they had got on so badly together.

"I think she is tired, Mr. Challoner; she had a very long walk to-day."

"O, that's all nonsense and affectation," he said, a little sharply.

Miss Carden was silent. She sighed, and forgot to lead.

"Do you wonder why I have never married?" he asked, after a pause. He, too, was forgetting *bezique*. His hand shook a little over the head of a king.

"No," she said, in a low voice, "You swore never to take a wife when Hetty—"

"Poor girl. What fools men make of themselves in their extreme youth. They fall in love with any decently pretty girl at hand; when they have seen no other, it's a case of taking paste for gems; and sometimes the paste answers every ordinary purpose very well."

"Sometimes," assented Miss Carden. "But Hetty was happier in her own sphere."

"And I in mine. I used to fancy her like the girl Tennyson sings of:

"She knows but matters of the house;
But he—he knows a thousand things."

Knocking about the world removes many of our foolish illusions."

He was playing carelessly now. Miss Carden called out "Royal marriage," and he threw down the cards.

"But I mean to marry," he said, in a low grave voice, looking steadily at his partner.

"I've lately fallen into that melancholy state of mind called a love-seizure."

She was not weak or vain enough to think he was alluding to herself, even if his eyes rested on the wing of the butterfly in her cap.

She was a sensible woman, and picked up the cards very leisurely.

"Indeed," she said, somewhat surprised at being the recipient of his confidence.

"Yes, Miss Carden, I mean to marry Joan—that is, if she will have me."

"Joan," repeated Miss Carden, starting up, and staring at him, as if she believed he had suddenly lost his senses.

"She's a dear little thing," he went on dreamily, taking a few hurried turns across the floor; "rather rebellious and hot-tempered, and all that sort of thing; but I can play the part of Petruchio—no man better."

"Marry Joan," echoed her cousin. "Why, you've done nothing but quarrel ever since you met each other."

"I've been studying her character, that's all; and, on the whole, it pleases me. Her incivility and sulkiness have been candid, at any rate.

"By the bye, I suppose she's quite fancy-free, eh? No lover lately been prowling about Ravensdale, has there?"

Miss Carden blushed to her ears. Why at that moment did she recall the dazzling Mounier?

Not a word had Joan whispered to her of any sentiment which he might have aroused; and yet so quick are woman's instincts, even those of old maids, that she half divined Joan's secret.

Mr. Challoner had begun to look very stern, and her voice trembled when she next spoke.

"Not that I know of, certainly."

"Then she's artful, perhaps, and has her letters sent to the village post office."

"O no, no, Mr. Challoner; she's the dearest girl in the world." "So I think."

"Only sometimes I fancy Joan may have had the least *penchant* for a guest of the Piggotts, who was staying there some time ago—an artist, a Frenchman."

"Deuce take the fellow."

"He gave Joan some lessons in painting."

"Hang his impudence. Be so good as to gratify my curiosity sufficiently by telling me his name."

"His name was Mounier."

"O! So you think Joan was fascinated by this Mounier, and that I shall have a poor chance?

"But then I'm wealthy, and this French artist was probably poor as a church mouse."

"Joan can be very obstinate and self-willed when she likes. Most girls are, you know."

"Well, I'll prove all this, and to-night. Kindly request Miss Joan to come to me here."

Miss Carden dared not disobey, and yet she hesitated. She wanted to have time to take Joan to task—to beseech and entreat her to hear reason, and forget the absent Mounier, if indeed he had won her heart. Such a wonderful future would Joan have were she to accept Mr. Challoner.

"Do you think it's wise to disturb her to-night? I believe she's gone to bed," said Miss Carden hesitatingly, but still moving towards the door.

"Then let her get up again. Why, its only eight o'clock. No; it's temper that sent her away."

"And a bad headache."

"A little conversation with me may cure it. I have an electric influence on the nervous system.

"Kindly give Miss Joan my compliments and beg her to come to me here; mind, not a word of the subject I broached to you; but I know you too well to say more."

Miss Carden found herself out in the passage as if by a miracle, and passed quickly up the stairs to Joan's room.

The girl was still sitting at the window watching the moonlight on the mountains, her loosened hair about her shoulders.

She had been crying ever so little, as girls will at difficult times in their lives, for everything lately seemed to have gone wrong with her.

She rose as her cousin entered, and went to her and wreathed her arms round her as if glad to find some human presence in the room.

Miss Carden put down the candlestick on the dressing-table, and for a second stared musingly at her young cousin in a kind of stupor, her breath coming hard and fast.

"You must go down stairs at once, to see Mr. Challoner. He sent me for you."

Joan saw the pleading in her eyes, but she did not understand its meaning.

She pushed the candlestick, a little irritably, further back on the table.

"I hate Mr. Challoner," she said, in a clear steady voice.

Miss Carden started to her feet.

"O my dear, don't say that! don't—don't."

"Why?" asked Joan defiantly.

"Because he's so kind—our benefactor," faltered Miss Carden, feeling a hypocrite for the first time in her life.

"If he orders me to come," said Joan, shrugging her shoulders and petulantly tossing her hair about in her rage, her face crimson with anger, "why, under the circumstances, I suppose I must obey; but I'm tired of being his slave. I have resolved not to bear it."

She had gathered her hair by this time in a great shining mass, and knotted it round her head. She felt in disgrace in some way, and savage at injustice.

"Come," whispered Miss Carden, "or he'll be so angry. Make haste, Joan."

"A fig for his anger. Why can't he leave me in peace?" said Joan, reluctantly withdrawing from her room.

She was not in the least pretty with those red eyes and tumbled ribbons and untidy hair; but what did it matter?

Arrived at the dining room door, Miss Carden was almost under the painful necessity of opening it and pushing her cousin in.

"Little goose," she said, under her breath, "if she lets such a chance as that go."

Joan found herself face to face with the man she avowedly hated—her master, her tyrant, her benefactor—leaning on the mantelpiece in the somewhat dim light of the lamps.

Standing there before him—angry, shy, and nervous, all in turn—with one long loose tress of hair that had escaped bondage about her throat, and a mute yearning in her eyes, spite of their fire, she had never looked so beautiful.

She meant to say she was sorry if he was still displeased—she desired to be friends with him. Why should they quarrel—why should he always misunderstand her?

"You sent for me, Mr. Challoner," she said softly, feeling like a culprit, and in unfeigned horror of a *tete-a-tete*.

Perhaps he had found her a suitable situation as a governess—he had before threatened to do so.

Mr. Challoner lifted his head—he beckoned her towards him.

"It was kind of you to please me," he said, and took the little hand she extended to him.

"Can we not be friends?" said poor Joan huskily, forgetting her part in her fear.

"Why not, Joan?" he said, with an odd smile. "Am I really hateful to you?"

"No, but you are unkind." Then naively, "I never quarrelled with any one before."

"Then I must be a regular ogre, child—a sort of unearthly monster, waging war against all things sweet and fair and true."

"Sit down by me, little Joan," he said, "for I have been harsh, unkind. I admit it all—and you and I must soon part, Joan."

Joan turned pale. This was cruelty of a more subtle character than ever; the words cut her like the sting of a lash, for she had been prepared for unkindness.

"Leave Ravensdale?" she asked.

"Yes, Joan; you see I have resolved to marry, and your temper is so little under control that, even if I offered you the post of companion to my wife, you would both undoubtedly quarrel. You have no meekness, no docility."

"And when shall I have to go?" asked Joan, the treacherous tears again rising.

It was awful—this thought of parting.

"You like the old place, do you not, Joan?"

"Like it! Like Ravensdale? O, the dear—"

Her voice broke suddenly; she turned on him fiercely as she rose to her feet.

"If this was all you had to say to me, Mr. Challoner, why not have kept it for the morrow?"

He smiled again.

"No, it is not all, Joan. If you will only have patience, I will make my views clear to your small comprehension."

"You are a cruel man," she said, flashing a look of scorn on him.

"I shall be glad when I am away; and what makes it so dreadful is the thought of how much I owe you, and," with a burst of tears, "I wished to be grateful, as I once was."

"Joan, will you hear something I have to say?"

"I wont be sent from Ireland," she sobbed. "I don't mind Dublin—in fact, I should like it; but London, or anywhere in England—No, no, I would drown myself in the Channel first."

"Very well, Joan," he said, amused at her vehemence; "then listen to the other proposal I have to make. Will you be my wife?"

He was near her again, and had endeavored to secure both her hands; but she wrenched them away, and though she trembled from head to foot, she had grown calmer, and checked her tears.

Her breast heaved, and there came again the old passionate ring in her tones.

"You do me great honor, Mr. Challoner, but I distinctly decline it."

"Why?" he asked, rising and pacing across the floor. "You might do worse. I am wealthy, and shall be an indulgent husband; in any case your lot as my wife will be better than either those of a companion or a governess."

Joan was silent; she thought of her secret and her love; the luxury, the charm of wealth, affected her but little. And she trusted and believed in the truth of the absent with love's supreme faith.

"I do not care for you," she answered.

"Then you care, maybe, for another? Young ladies of your age are not generally fancy-free.

"Out with it, Joan; let me know who my envied rival is, that I may have the satisfaction of lodging a bullet in his brain."

"That is my affair," she said coldly, her cheeks aflame and her little foot beating the ground.

"Well, then, look on me as a friend, Joan and take me into your confidence. Have I not some little right to inquire who this fellow is, and all about him?"

Joan hesitated, and then shook her head.

"Better not," she said quietly; "in any case I shall be true to him. I shall never marry any one else."

Mr. Challoner resented himself by Joan's side, and smiled into her sorrowful eyes.

"Was his name Mounier?" he asked slyly.

"Why, how did you know that?" she cried, her heart beating to suffocation; and again he shot a rapid glance at her agitated face.

"O, never mind; a little bird of the air carried the news to me. Did he paint, and teach you to develop skies more after Nature?"

"Yes, he did. It's too bad of cousin to have talked—"

"Did he steal a rose, a bright red rose that you had worn in your hair, and call it 'The Rose of Destiny?'"

"Mr. Challoner!" cried Joan, struggling in his embrace, and speaking in the tone of a person driven beyond herself by the flash of a thought.

"Look again, Joan, and tell me if you know me. Off with it, miserable imposture!" and he dragged at the red beard, and completely tore off the grayish-red eyebrows, and the iron-gray wig that covered his black hair.

The girl buried her face on his shoulder, too excited to speak, and overpowered with the first symptoms of faintness she had ever known. He knelt at her feet and carried her hand to his lips.

"Forgive me, Joan, will you not, for the ruse I have practiced in your pursuit? You must not leave me, dearest—you shall not! I won your love, I have proved its truth."

Joan found he watched her gently and seriously, and at last some remnants of self-control returned; but she could scarcely speak, and so he kissed her.

"It was too bad, I admit," he said laughingly, after a volley of reproaches, blended with tears and smiles, had been hurled at him; "but, Joan, I've been so often deceived by women.

"Piggott was alone in the plot—he staked his faith on you; and the idea of wooing you in this way first suggested itself to me during an afternoon doze, after our wine and walnuts, on that fatal Sunday of my arrival."

Joan shivered; she remembered all she had suffered lately.

"But why were you so cruel to me and made me feel so wicked? I'm not sure that I shall forgive you," with a demure shake of the head, but speaking in the shy, sweet, broken accents of love.

He took an envelope from his pocket, opened it, and showed her the contents. They were the fragments of a flower.

"Was it not the Rose of Destiny, Joan? But what a little spitfire she is!" he said, turning her round with a playful pat.

"Must I play Petruchio, Joan? You've looked black as thunder lately, and as haughty as any queen; in fact, you want ruling, Joan."

A modest tap at the door. Mr. Challoner cried "Come in!" and Miss Carden entered. She was followed by Bridget, bearing a silver tray, on which were lemons, whisky, cakes, and glasses, which collided against each other, with dangerous shakiness; for Mr. Challoner had darkened the room till the faintest glimmer was reflected.

"An' shure, Miss, it's dark indade," whispered Bridget, nervously.

Miss Carden glanced furtively from Mr. Challoner to Joan, as if dreading to learn the result of the interview.

She had lately feared that Mr. Challoner's temper was of the tindery uncertain kind that would make all dealings with him awkward and unpleasant.

But he was speaking to Joan in a low voice now, bending his face close to hers, which had a fine color, and seemed flushed with something that looked like a return of its old happiness.

And if they had again quarrelled, and Joan had emphatically refused him, would they be sitting near each other?

He rose suddenly, and drawing Joan's arm in his, walked across the room to the corner where Miss Carden stood.

Miss Carden's withered face was indeed a study, with its look of speechless surprise and wonder blended.

"She has learnt the key to the enigma," he said; while Joan slipped her arm from his and embraced her cousin as she lifted her eyes fondly to his.

"The enigma?" echoed Miss Carden "Do you mean that she will be your wife? But now I look at you—you are—"

"Mounier!" he said, laughing tenderly down at Joan. "She has forgiven me, the dear child, and you do the same."

"They say all's fair in love and war," Miss Carden answered slowly, after listening to his explanations and excuses; "and if Joan is satisfied—"

"I think she is," he said, drawing her to him again. "Who would think that a simple crimson rose, worn in a girl's dark hair, should be Fate's sweet Heaven-sent agent—the Rose of Destiny?"

[THE END.]

## WITCHCRAFT.

PEOPLE are only too apt to believe that witchcraft has become an exploded article of the popular creed. Yet there would not be the slightest difficulty experienced by any one whose reading includes a moderately large list of daily newspapers. They had an epidemic of witchcraft in Butler, this State, only a few months ago, when the fact was revealed that there were six professional "witch-masters" in the county, and that when Satan got possession of a man and was not disturbed in his tenancy for two months, $5 was the smallest sum for which he could be evicted. The modus operandi is to cut a circle on a white oak tree and lure the devil to enter it, which it does with a noise like thunder and a vehemence that splits the tree to splinters.

The patient is then corked up, as it were, with prayers and charms. Leaving out of the question the Voudoo priestesses and the Spiritualist mediums, it is safe to say that the professors of witchcraft in the United States, are numbered by hundreds and derive an annual revenue from the credulous which it would take at least seven figures to express.

Though witchcraft is not so public and profitable a business in England, the belief in witches is even more generally held.

Within the last few weeks one case has been reported where the parson of the parish was appealed to to cut a sod from the alleged witch's grave to stop her nightly promenades for evil purposes, and two young men were brought before the courts for knocking down an old woman and "drawing blood" from her with a knife, so as to release their sister from her spells.

In North Devon, a small farmer who had been bewitched by a dead relative's spirit, had to import a white witch from Exeter to break the spell by a solemn burning of herbs and incense in a brazier, with proper incantations, and it may be added that the white witch insisted on receiving his fees and mileage in advance, and stipulated that he was to be fed on fresh beef during his absence from Exeter, the farmer's customary diet of bacon and cheese being unfitted for the nourishment of those having to wrestle with demons and the powers of the air.

The London *Daily News* is authority for the statement that, "to-day in England women of bad temper and a certain originality of character deliberately give themselves out to be witches. They win some respect and exercise some influence. One woman has at this moment a reputation for keeping seven little familiar spirits, which leap out of her mouth, like the red mouse from the lips of the fair witch in 'Faust.' A witch often lowers the rents of the adjacent cottages and demoralizes a whole neighborhood."

The last legal execution in England for witchcraft occurred in 1716, but in 1866 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex, not forty miles from London; and ducking were also held for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks.

At Havay, in Belgium, in June last a peasant not only lost his child, but his cow, and consequently consulted the village wise man, or *devin*, who said:

"Go home and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your doorstep. That person will have been the cause of your ills. I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and, with the aid of his spouse, prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room of the house, and when next morning a kind neighbor, who had nursed the child in its last sickness, came to the door, the couple pounced on her, tied her hands and feet and kindled the pyre, on which they laid her. She had the wit to confess her guilt and beg for a priest, and when the priest came he liberated her, but not till she had been fearfully burned.

The tribunal of Mons laid its iron hand on the culprits, sent them to jail for sixty and forty days, and made them pay $60 damages to their victim. In the south of France a similar charm is in vogue. The courts in Germany were called upon not long ago to decide a suit brought by a peasant and his wife against a neighbor whom they accused of having caused the death of their two little pigs by witchcraft. "You couldn't see any marks on their bodies at all," he testified. "In the evening they were healthy, ate heartily, the pigsty was locked, and in the morning one of them was already dead. The defendant crossed the yard during the night and bewitched them. I speak to you Judge, as to a father, and I implore you to make her give you the doctor books she has got. In there it stands how to bewitch." When the suit was dismissed, the complainants said they would appeal, and as they went out the husband exclaimed: "This we cannot lose; it is impossible." It may be added that while in Madagascar, the missionaries have rooted out the last vestiges of idolatry, the belief in witchcraft defies extinction. It was reported last winter that a dog had spoken and had announced that a hurricane, causing grievous famine, would devastate the district; that immense hailstones would descend and that even the heavens would fall. To avert this the people were told to get six black and six white beads and to wear them around the neck and no harm would come to them, and all the influence of the missionaries could not prevent the converts from investing in beads.

Unmerited honors never wear well.

## CURIOUS WILLS.

MR. JOHN HOLLOWAY, of London, left $25,000 to a benevolent society of livery-stable keepers, in whose trade and interests he was concerned during a long part of his life, and directed that his horse should be killed in the presence of his executors as soon as possible after his own decease lest the animal should fall into unkind hands.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charnier, of London, recently left her servant £100 a year for life, and all her dogs and birds, with £20 a year for each dog and £10 for each bird, so long as they lived. Bequests to animals are more frequent in the Old World than here.

The Count de Mirandole, who died in 1825, left a legacy to a favorite carp which he had nourished for twenty years in an antique fountain standing in his hall.

The following clause from a will was in the English papers for March, 1828; "I leave to my monkey, my dear, amusing Jacko, the sum of £10 sterling to be enjoyed by him during life; it is to be expended solely in his keep. I leave to my faithful dog Shock and to my beloved cat Tib £1 sterling apiece as yearly pension."

Mr. Berkeley, of Knightsbridge, who died May 5, 1805, left a pension of £25 per annum to his four dogs. This singular individual had spent the latter part of his life wrapped in the society of his curs, on whom he lavished every mark of affection. When any one ventured to remonstrate with him he would reply: "Men assailed my life; dogs preserved it." This was a fact for when attacked by brigands in Italy he had been rescued by his big dog, whose descendants the four pets were.

Counsellor Winslow, of Copenhagen, who died June 24, 1811, ordered by will that his carriage horses should be shot, to prevent their falling into the hands of cruel masters.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, not the most amiable or sentimental of men, left a small annuity to his dog. Concerning the provisions for the disposition of the testator's remains, a Manchester lady bequeathed a surgeon £25,000 on condition that he should claim her body and embalm it, and "that he should once in every year look upon her face, two witnesses being present."

Another lady, of an economical turn of mind, desired that, if she should die away from Branksome, her remains, after being placed in a coffin, should be inclosed in a plain deal box and conveyed by goods train to Poole. "Let no mention," she stated, "be made of the contents, as the conveyance will not be charged more for than an ordinary package."

A French traveler, recently deceased, desired to be buried in a large leather trunk to which he was attached, as it "had gone round the world with him three times;" and an English clergyman and justice of the peace, who at the age of eighty, had married a girl of thirteen, asked to be buried in an old chest he had selected for the purpose. One man wished to be interred with the bed on which he had been lying; another desired to be buried far from the haunts of men, where nature may "smile upon his remains," and a third bequeathed his corpse for dissection, after which it is to be put into a deal box and thrown into the Thames. One man did not wish to be buried at all, but gave his body to the Imperial Gas Company to be consumed to ashes in one of their retorts, adding that should the superstition of the times prevent the fulfillment of his bequest, his executors place his remains in St. John's Wood Cemetery, "to assist in poisoning the living in that neighborhood."

Henry Longbotham, who died at Port Jefferson, L. I., not long ago, wrote of his wishes as follows: "It is my wish and order that when the breath has left my body something shall be wrapped around my body and a shirt put over it. To lay above ground till there were signs of decomposition. My grave to be dug between my wife's and my father's, four and a half feet at the head and five feet at the foot. My coffin, if thin, to be boxed. No pow-wow, it will be considered an insult. A small stone at my head will be all. I may furnish both coffin and stone."

Mr. Thomas C. Baker, of San Francisco, enjoyed the privilege of coming back ten years after he had been officially declared dead and his will had been proved and administered, being thus able to judge for himself as to the fidelity with which its provisions had been carried out.

At North Adams, Mass., a will is being contested because rats ate off the signatures.

LOBSTER SPEARING.—This sport is pursued in the Indian fashion, by torchlight. A dark, calm night and a falling tide are the first requisites, and the crew of the canoe must consist of three—one to row, one to hold the torch so that its light will fall through the shallow water, and light to the bottom to show the lobsters crouched among the seaweed; and last, but not least, the spearer, armed with a long wooden spear, which it requires considerable skill and practice to drive down, so that the two prongs will close over the lobster's back, capturing him firmly, while leaving his body uninjured. It is a sport both exciting and pleasureable. The captive lobsters sometimes makes very unpleasant occupiers of a boat, and it requires great equanimity to feel them crawling about one's feet.

"How is it that you have so much time to yourself?" asked Pingrey. "Why, old Percentum has given me an interest in the business." "No, is that so? I congratulate you." "Oh, yes; he told me that he could get along without my services in the future and I'm interested to know how he's going to do it."

# New Publications.

A novelty in summer books will be shortly published in the shape of "*Summer Gleanings*," by Rose Porter. To each day of the summer months has been given an appropriate selection in somewhat the style of the birthday book. On each page of the book a space for pressed flowers, another for daily jottings, and the third for pen or pencil sketch have been left, and the paper is of a character suitable for these. The book will be bound in several attractive styles, and will be published by White & Stokes, New York.

"Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," is published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. The story is the diurnal experiences of Mrs. Mayburn, whose husband is loving but thoughtless, and whose children are real flesh and blood youngsters, at once the joy and torment of their mother's life. It is told in a natural and sparkling manner. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents.

*Dorothy*. A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. Boston: Robert Brothers. This is a poem of decided originality and considerable merit. Its heroine is an English peasant girl leading a hard life upon an English farm, working hard in the fields or about the house from morning till night with constant and ungrudging cheerfulness, without thinking of envying her betters, without desiring or aspiring to rise above her condition, and with no idea that her lot was one which she had any reason to bewail. The beauty and interest of the poem consist in the power and faithfulness with which this character is portrayed. Apart from its central figure, the poem is interesting by reason of the pictures it contains of English country life. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

The Appledore Cook Book. Containing Practical Receipts for Plain and Rich Cooking. By M. Parloa. A new edition of this, one of the best cook books ever published, has just been issued. It has been prepared with an especial view to the needs of small families, and for the preparation of healthful and nutritious food, more attention being paid to dishes of this kind than to those of a richer and more costly character. Those who desire the latter, however, will find ample instructions for their preparation. As every housekeeper has receipts of her own which she may wish to preserve, the publishers have with commendable forethought inserted a supply of ruled blank leaves for copying them and such others as may be picked up from time to time. It is printed on good paper, and is firmly and tastefully bound. D. Lothrop & Co, Boston. Price $1.25.

The Mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon, by Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a strong and realistic novel, written in the style that has made Zola famous the world over. It has absorbing interest, for in it he lays bare in thrilling language the inner life intrigues, vices and corruptions of the Court of Louis Napoleon, and those who formed it. The corruptions of the time are pictured with no uncertain hand, and pen-and-ink portraits of well-known public men of the period are given in abundance. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

"Gloria" is the title of a novel translated from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos, by Clara Bell. It is a sketch of Spanish life that has much to commend it. Not only is the comparative novelty of the scenes a relief, but the various characters, which are few, but excellently painted, partake of a most attractive freshness. Translations from the Spanish are not many at the present day, but Gloria certainly does honor to and reads most attractively in its English dress. Two volumes. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"A Family Flight Through France, Germany, Norway and Sweden." By E. E. Hale and Miss Susan Hale. This just issued volume, with its elegant binding, liberal margins and wealth of illustrations, is something of exceptional beauty. But its peculiar value does not lie altogether in its outside appearance. The authors are known the country over as among the best of our story-writers. As one may gather from the title, it is almost purely descriptive in its character. The family party whose experiences it records "flew" through the countries visited, but in all of them found something new, or at least they described old things in a way which made them seem new. Through France with its vineyards and sunny stretches of landscapes; Germany with its castellated peaks and quaint old cities; Norway and Switzerland, seeing all that could be seen, and catching a bit here and a bit there to weave into the web of narrative before us. Aside from its intrinsic interest, the volume is one of the handsomest that ever came from the hands of an American publisher. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $2.50. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

All Aboard for Sunrise Lands. By Edward A. Rand. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price in boards $1.75; in cloth $2.25. Old as well as young readers will feel grateful to Mr. Rand for this capital volume of travel, which is written in his best style, and is enriched with more than two hundred exquisite illustrations. The story, aside from everything else, is fascinating in the extreme, and will be read and re-read with increasing delight by all live, adventure-loving boys. The author takes for his characters a party of boys, bright, hearty and brimming over with curiosity to see and hear everything that comes within their range. They have an uncle, a sea captain, who has knocked about all over the world, and picked up a vast amount of curious knowledge. They obtain permission from their parents to accompany him on a long voyage to the east. Sailing from San Francisco they touch at Japan, where they stop long enough at each country to see a great deal of the place and pick up a mass of information regarding the habits and peculiar customs of its inhabitants. The book is brought out in magnificent shape, fine paper, clear type, and handsome covers, and if it meets with the success it richly deserves, will be one of the best-selling books of the season. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

In the *North American Review* for April, Gov. Eli H. Murray, of Utah, treats of the existing crisis in the political fortunes of that Territory. An article entitled "Why They Come," by Edward Self, is devoted to the consideration of the many important questions connected with European immigration to this country. Dr. Henry A. Martin, replying to a recent article by Henry Bergh, defends the practice of vaccination. E. L. Godkin has an article on "The Civil Service Reform Controversy;" Senator Riddleberger on "Bourbonism in Virginia;" and General Albert Ordway on "A National Militia." Finally there is a paper of extraordinary interest on the exploration of the ruined cities of Central America. The *Review* is published at 30, Lafayette Place, New York, and is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

The contents of the *Popular Science Monthly*, for April, are: "Chinese Immigration," by Gerrit L. Lansing; "The Scholastic Prelude to Modern Science, by Henry Duncan MacLeod, M. A.; "How Animals Breathe, II," by H. L. Fairchild, illustrated; "Has Science Yet Found a New Basis for Morality?" by Professor Goldwin Smith, one of the most forcible papers ever written; "Fossil Seeds," by Stanislas Meunier, illustrated; "The Unaweep Canon," by Henry Gannett; "Recent Wonders of Electricity, II," by W. H. Preece, F. R. S.; "Modern Explosives, by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; "The Germ Theory," by Professor Louis Pasteur; "Dean Swift's Disease," by Dr. Bucknill, F. R. S.; "Hyacinth-Bulbs," by Professor Grant Allen; "The Javanese Calendar," by J. A. C. Oudemans; "Sketch of M. Louis Pasteur," with portrait; "Entertaining Varieties," "The Mountains of the Moon," "The Chronicle of Haklin Ben Shoytan," etc.; "Correspondence;" "Editor's Table," Goldwin Smith on Scientific Morality; "Literary Notes," "Popular Miscellany," and "Notes." The *Popular Science Monthly*, N. Y.

The *Magazine of Art*, for April, is every way up to the mark of its predecessors, both in reading matter and pictures. Indeed the latter represent the highest excellence of art. Among the articles, all of which are splendidly illustrated, are: "The Mid-Day Rest," "The Watts Exhibition," "The Coal-Scuttle from an Artistic Point of View," "Flugger," "A Spanish Courtyard," "Alnwich Castle," "Benvenuto Cellini," "The Towers of Sir Christopher Wren," "A New Life of Raphael," "The Royal School of Art-Needlework," etc., etc. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

The *Magazine of Art*, for March, is one of the best numbers recently issued, whether as regard its illustrations or its literary contents. The engravings are very numerous and very good, and more than any we have come across recently in any English publication they show the influence of the thorough and careful methods of the American school of wood-engraving. The most note-worthy of the illustrated articles, are a sketch by John Bagnold Burgess, A. R. A.; "Alnwich Castle," by M. Creighton; "Book Decoration," by S. W. Kershaw; "Belgian Art;" "Antique Spoons," by T. W. Greene; and "Nuremberg Art," by W. M. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

Arthur's Illustrated *Home Magazine* is always good, so that it is but in the order of things that the April number is so. The Household Departments, in particular, may be commended this month, as containing much that is specially useful. Arthur & Sons, publishers, Phila., Pa.

The April number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains: "In and About a Normandy Market-Place," by Margaret Bertha Wright, illustrated; "Disappointment," by George Newell Lovejoy; "Stephen Guthrie," a story illustrated; "Our Substitute for a Navy," by Charles F. Johnson, Jr.; "Four-Footed Prize Fighters," by Felix L. Oswald, illustrated; "The Hospital Bird," by John B. Tabb; "In a Florida Cracker's Cabin," a sketch, by Charles Dunning; "The Assistant Editor," a story, by Mary Ellsworth Myles; "Captain William Kidd," by Charles Burr Todd; "Puzzled," by Mary Ainge DeVere; "New Year's with the Ojibways," by Helen Campbell; "A Bohemian," a story; "Among the Gwidigon," by Wirt Sikes; "Our Monthly Gossip," and "Literature of the Day. J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Phila., Pa.

The *Sanitarian*, for March, as usual, contains an excellent list of timely topics, intelligently treated, in the way of both private and public health. 113 Fulton Street, New York. Price, $5 per year.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," he was saying to the woman in the post office corridor yesterday, "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house can speak a word of French."

# Grains of Gold.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

He doeth much who doeth his work well.

Society says one thing, Nature says another.

Too much economy in youth begets avarice in old age.

There is no victory so cheap and so complete as forgiveness.

He only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason.

The triumph over our prejudices is of all conquests the most difficult.

Prayer, judiciously given at the proper time, is a wonderful helper.

It is by affliction that the heart of a man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed on a better state.

Work is a good medicine for an uneasy mind. Any kind of an honest job is better than no job at all.

The lesson of self denial is far beyond any other in importance. It must be repeated again and again.

Use and assert your own reason, reflect examine and analyze everything, in order to form a sound judgment.

Happiness is like a sunbeam, which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is often as the rain of spring

If some religious people would prey on their neighbors less and their knees more, the world would be better off.

There is no saying to what perfection of character a man who begins with what he can do, and uses the means at his hand.

It is no great thing to be humble when you are brought low; but to be humble when you are praised, is a rare attainment.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

The only secret worth knowing in this life is how one man can contrive to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

Those who can themselves do good services are but as one to a thousand compared to those who can see faults in the labor of others.

Any fool can criticise good work. It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties, excite the invention, produce skill, and call forth the energies of the voyager.

Let a man but lay hold of something—and he is on the high road to success, though it may be very long before he can walk comfortably along it.

Arrogance and conceit find numberless ways of expression among us. Let us each look to our own particular way before we sneer at that of our neighbor.

Every young man should understand that he must not only be master of his business and calling, but master of himself, or he will not succeed in spite of any circumstances.

It is seldom that we are otherwise than ill with ourselves and a sense of inferiority, or we should know how the ill of our neighbors can be made to subside or be quiet.

Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is oftener a lack of heart than brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest integrity, and soul to soul.

We ought always to deal justly not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us, and that, too, for fear lest, by rendering them good for evil, we should fall into the same vice.

Every one who takes pains is naturally not a genius—many who do so are the reverse; but the restless desire to attain a higher standard, and the capability for working until it is attained, are attributes of the highest intellect.

Don't trouble yourself about the next thing you are to do. No man can do the second thing, he can do the first. If he omits it, the wheels of the universal Juggernaut roll over him, and leave him, more or less crushed, behind.

There is no place in the wide world like home. It is the dwelling place of our heart's treasures, and the first of our lives we owe to it and to inmates. To make it pleasant and attractive should be the aim of every man.

See that you are proud; but let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy, too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty, too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up without expense, too proud to be stingy.

The changes that make or unmake a man are not the changes of stature, position, circumstances, or anything else that can be seen outwardly, but the subtle changes that begin, silent and unnoticed, in the hidden chambers of the man's consciousness, where formless and vague like the material out of which matters are shaped.


**Brilliant Results.**

There can not be found in the journals of any school of medicine an account of such brilliant cures as have been made during the past ten years in a wide range of chronic diseases, by the new Compound Oxygen Treatment. In a single number of our quarterly journal, *Health and Life*, will be found a record of cures, some of which would make the reputation of any medical practitioner. Not a day in which our large correspondence with patients does not bring us new reports of cures, or ameliorations of distressing symptoms, or expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for relief from pains which have tortured for years, and for which no treatment had hitherto availed anything. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, will be sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.


# Femininities.

A wrinkle is the line by which Time generally travels.

The Duchess of Edinburgh protests against late dancing.

A married lady says that the key to all her troubles is the night key.

A medical college for women has just been incorporated at Baltimore.

If there's anything an old maid thinks more about than a husband, it's cats.

Never ask a woman her age—that is, not that woman. Ask some other woman.

Compliments are the sugar and sweet stuff which ornament the head a cake in society.

Women's brains are smaller than men's brains, but they need a bigger covering—and they get it.

Very low cut gilt sandals, in the old Directoire style, are now worn with esthetic costumes.

A girl at St. Joe, Mo., who went crazy when her lover died, was off to a dance the fourth night after.

There is a romance in figures. A young man met a girl, 1er, married her, and took her on a wedding 2er.

When a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door; when it is a woman, she opens it, to be sure no one is listening outside.

A Worcester woman has given birth to five children in fourteen months—twins, supplemented by triplets—and all well and lively.

Kate Shelley, the girl who saved a train in Iowa by hoisting a danger signal, is to receive a gold medal and $200 from the Legislature.

A massive gold triangle is a gift from a bridegroom to bridesmaids. Another is a silver chain and pendant consisting of a wheel and compass.

A chivalrous exchange thinks when a man marries a widow he should give up smoking. She gives up her weeds—and he should be equally polite.

A tart compliment: "Do you think that Miss Brown is a very sweet girl?" asked Harry. "O yes, very sweet," replied Jack, "just as honey, she is well preserved."

It was an Active Cook Stove in the kitchen, and the domestic tried to hurry up the fire with coal oil. The result was there was an active cook stove all to pieces.

Avoiding the Vulgar—Miss Bella Gush speaks of the "solemn season of loaned." She never could bring herself to say Lent. It is so painfully vulgar, you know.

Readers, young ladies will be at a loss to understand the circumstances which drove an Indianapolis girl to put on male attire "to keep the boys from bothering her."

A little girl of three explains the Golden Rule to her older sister: "It means that you must do everything I want you to; and you mustn't do anything that I don't want you to."

"Is he a good German scholar?" they asked of the Washington belle concerning her lover. "Splendid!" she replied. "He holds a lady beautifully, and knows all the figures."

The Queen of Italy is fond of society, and is a passionate lover of dancing. She invites her own dancing-master, and she listens to her chamberlain to learn from him all the latest scandal of the best society.

A Chicago belle was to have been married this week, but the ceremony has been postponed at the request of her mother, who is now very ill, and wants further time to reduce herself to fighting weight.

The latest Queen Anne revival is foreshadowed by the following from the London Queen: "It is rumored that among other old customs that of riding pillion is to be adopted this season in the Park."

The Princess of Wales is very fond of making up her own bonnets. She will purchase half a dozen bonnets from as many different modistes and remodel every one of them before she will consent to wear them.

At a recent tea party at New Rochelle, N. Y., the ladies all wore old-fashioned samplers for aprons, upon each of which the legend, "Polly, put the kettle on," was rudely inscribed over freely-compounded tea kettles.

"I don't mind the manner much," said a fond but perplexed mother, recently, "but when Marian gets to sailyin' around in front of the lookin'-glass and disputin' in French with her own shadder, it makes me right narvous."

Some one says "bread and butter is the dream of this world, love and kindness its trimmings." We'll bet $10.00 the man who wrote that isn't married. Any married man knows that the trimmings always costs about four times as much as the dress.

The Princess Louise knows other things than the polite ones sometimes supposed to be only permissable to royalty. It is stated that she does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in.

A newly-married couple entered a Friends' church in Cornwall, after the service had begun. As they walked up the aisle, the preacher stopped in the middle of his exhortation and exclaimed, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" Then he entered upon a discourse upon the duties and responsibilities of wedded life.

A tragedy, terrible as it was unprecedented occurred lately at a village in Hungary. A peasant woman laid her baby under a tree and set to weeding as she was leaning. The scent of oil and it drew off the bark a nest. The father, who was working near by, in a fit of rage stabbed his wife to the heart, and then rushed to the nest and beheld the dead body of a young viper with its intestines which fortunately had not yet its death.

# News Notes.

Queen Victoria dresses habitually in black silk.

Cincinnati claims the handsomest morgue in America.

A Jersey woman has her husband arrested for making her support him.

East Saginaw, Mich., has a brine vat 360 feet long, 115 feet wide, and 18 feet deep.

There are 134,488 colored persons in Maryland who can neither read nor write.

A Confederate silver half dollar, one of the four in existence, sold in New York recently for $60.

Smith Jamison, aged 84, and Clarissa Seward, aged 73, were recently united in wedlock at Elgin, Ill.

The wild horses pasturing on the pampas of the Argentine Republic are estimated to number about 2,000,000.

The Bible is translated into 82 African languages, in eight of which the whole of the Scriptures are published.

The proprietor of a large Florida hotel says that the greatest number of guests from the North have gray hair.

In the vicinity of the city of Durango, Mexico, there is a mountain of almost pure iron, estimated to contain 200,000,000 tons.

Some of the public schools of New Haven, Conn., have introduced a dress drill as part of the exercises, and it is said to work well.

Ex-President Hayes is President of the Fremont Savings Bank Company, just organized at Fremont, Ohio, with a capital of $50,000.

During the twenty years ending with 1880 there were condemned to death in England and 512 criminals, of whom 279 were executed.

The American Bible Society refuses to aid in sending out a certain Burmese Bible because the word "baptize" is translated "immerse."

Campanini, the opera singer, once worked at blacksmithing, and now numbers among his possessions the shop in which he at one time plied his trade.

The Wisconsin Senate has refused to prohibit the sale of tobacco to minors. Probably thought there was no use passing a law that could not be enforced.

At an auction sale in London, in January, 1837, the whole of Most Jersey was sold in payment of one man's debts, and the price received was only $17,000.

The widow of President Lincoln has drawn from the pension agent at Chicago $1,000, being the amount of the pension recently granted her by Congress.

A Committee of Cardinals recently decided at Rome that the Catholics of Italy could not, compatibly with their religious duty, take part in political elections.

A Chinaman, dying of consumption in Chicago, erected an altar in his laundry, and worked before it, with his face to the east, as long as he was able to work at all.

Charles A. Reed, of Newton, Mass., devised $40,000 each to his own town and Salem, to be used in picnics to children, scientific lectures, and relief to poor widows.

Chinese police officials, instead of photographing the faces of rogues, take impressions of their thumbs. The reason given is that faces change, while thumbs do not.

Lucy Hooper advises Americans in Paris to avoid carefully all bearers of high-sounding names who, without any apparent reason, are seized with a wild thirst for American society.

Departed spirits take possession of the telephone wires of Chicago at night, according to the stories of certain persons, who say they have been greatly disturbed by weird demonstrations.

Yale College seems to be running the government of the Sandwich Islands. Two Judges of the Supreme Court, the Superintendent of Schools the Attorney General and some minor officers are graduates of the New Haven institution.

Finley McKenny, supposed to be very poor, was dying at Morgantown, Ky. With his last breath he told his wife to break an old jug that had long stood in the grime of the smokehouse. She did so, and $1,200 in gold and silver rolled out.

Services were disturbed by a drunken man in the Lutheran Church at Black River, Wis. The minister walked coolly down from the platform, seized the offender, threw him outdoors, and resumed his sermon as though nothing had happened.

A young imitator of Buffalo Bill went into a photograph gallery at Brownsville, Ky., to have his picture taken in a border costume, with a big revolver in his hands. The weapon accidentally went off, just as he had been heroically posed, and made a hole through his shoulder.

Boys in Atchison, Kan., mischievously rolled barrels and boxes down the stairways of the theatre while Anna Dickinson was playing *Hamlet*, being incited thereto by the police, who had been refused free tickets. The din interrupted the performance several times, and greatly disconcerted the actress.


**What it Did for an Old Lady.**

COSHOCTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

GENTS,—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case, a lady of over seventy years had been sick for years, and for the past ten years had not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies or physicians being of no avail, I sent to Depauw for a bottle, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved before he was able to leave his seat and walk about the house. When he had taken one bottle more she was able to take care of her own room and work in her husband's and has not since had a day's sickness. My wife and children have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY



# HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

## RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

composed of ingredients of extraordinary medicinal properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

In what name the complaint may be developed, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Bad Legs, Bone Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Pain in the Back, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Worms of the Stomach, or Bowels, Fever, the virus of the disease is entirely expelled from the system, and with it all diseased matter, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Old Sores, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scurfiness, and every species of Disease caused by Vitiated Humors in the Blood are within the curative power of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

**The Sarsaparillian Resolvent** not only is a compensating remedy, but secures in each and every act of its administration in the cure of each of the above the most searching, purifying, cleansing, and healing effect the blood, sweat, urine, breath, skin, and the entire system, of all corrupt and poisonous matter, and thus the blood receives the vital principles for the formation of new life. The skin after a few days' use of the Resolvent becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, and Skin Eruptions are removed, Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Erysipelas, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have been allowed to run on and spread, either from unskilful disease or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, Nitrate of Silver, or Lunar Caustic, will find upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian Resolvent has been taken a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One Bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, one or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

# R. R. R.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

**ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE**

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE SUFFERING THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

TENDANCY

THE MOMENT A WOMAN'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Inflammation, Congestion, Fever and Ague, Bilious, Fever, Headache, The Delusions, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Pain in the Back or Kidneys, Pain Morbus, or Difficult, Painful, or Suppressed Periods, Hysterics, Colic, Flatulency, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, Nausea, Sick Stomach, Nervous Headache, Diseases of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Bruises of Spraining, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

# RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

**Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.**

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

**Price, 25 Cents Per Box.**

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

**"False and True,"**
**"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"**
**"Radway on Scrofula,"**

and others relating to different classes of diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

**READ "FALSE AND TRUE."**

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

**Information worth thousands will be sent to you.**

## TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of the [illegible] old established R. R. R. [illegible] than the base and worthless imitations of them, as [illegible] for Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER

# CURES

**HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS**

[illegible] twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical [illegible] Book of [illegible] Cases sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton st. New York.

THE **DIAMOND DYES.**

FOR ANY COLOR

[illegible] Dye any 15 or 25 ct. dye [illegible] Dyes for [illegible] Dyes [illegible] Dyes [illegible] Dyes

# A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

# THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

## Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these ads*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

**And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States.**

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

**A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,**

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

### A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

### A Person of Intelligence

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

### A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

### And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

### And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned—

**THE METHODIST,**
**THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,**
**THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,**
**THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,**
**THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,**
**THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,**
**THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,**
**THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,**
**N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER**

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

## *AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;*

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

# The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

### Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

**A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.**

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—*(a full hour is the best)* and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

## Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

# Facetiæ.

Out of twenty-eight men in a Nebraska crowd, not one of them knew how to wind up a thermometer. Man is naturally an ignorant animal.

The charity committee did not mean exactly what they said when they announced: "The smallest contributions will be most gratefully received."


**Cast-Iron Fellows.**

Men of endurance have healthy kidneys and liver. No aching in the back, no piles or constipation. The cure for these diseases is Kidney-Wort. This great remedy keeps up the tone of the whole body by enabling the liver, bowels and kidneys to perform their functions perfectly. Both the Liquid and Dry are sold by druggists.

**To get the best Cod Liver Oil in the world** ask your druggist for **Baker's.** If not kept by him, it will pay to send direct for it. Prices and valuable information mailed on request. John C. Baker & Co., 813 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Important.**

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

If interested in Cod Liver Oil, see John C. Baker & Co's advertisement in last week's POST. It will pay you to write them. J. C. Baker & Co., Philadelphia.

**Old Gold Bought.**—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

Barlett's PILES! SUPPOSITORIES! RAPID RELIEF CERTAIN CURE!

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

For a quarter of a century or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for indigestion, dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically indorsed by medical men as a health and strength restorative. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. W. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.

FOUNDED 1784,

Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 120 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1882, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

**Cards** Send two 3c. stamps to Charles Tolliver, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for a new set of large Chromo Cards and catalogue of latest designs published.

**Beatty's** Organs 27 stops $90. Pianos $125 up. Factory running day & night. Papers free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

**Lady Agents** Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O

70 New or 50 beauties, no 2 alike, Chromo Cards with name 10c. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

NEURALGIA,

Nervous Irritability, Sciatica and all painful Nervous Diseases.—A treatise by a well-known physician, a specialist on these subjects, concludes as follows: "Neuralgia is one of the most painful of diseases, and is attended with more or less nervous irritation. Sciatica is also a form of neuralgia, and all painful nervous diseases come under that name. Neuralgia means nerve ache, and therefore you can suffer with neuralgia in any part of the body, as the nerves are supplied to every part.

I have for many years closely studied the cause of neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with the many diseases that it is subject to, and have found by actual experience that the true and primary cause of neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes impoverished and poor, and in some cases starved, not because the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten is not appropriated to the nervous system; there are many causes for this, but Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have in my hands proved a perfect remedy for this condition and these diseases."

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address. CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton Street, New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first-class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURE

IF you desire a SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT for unemployed moneys in large or small sums, then purchase IMMEDIATELY, BEFORE THE NEXT ADVANCE IN PRICE, the Preferred Treasury Stock of THE

New England and Colorado

MINING, MILLING AND PROSPECTING CO.

It is

Guaranteed and Secured, $1 per Share in Dividends,

is full paid, and can never be assessed.

The Company's capital stock is 500,000 shares, 375,000 of which are in the treasury for a working capital, of which 125,000 shares are declared preferred, being entitled to receive the

First Dividends

paid by said company, exclusive of all other stock until it has received $1 per share, which is payable out of the Company's first surplus revenues as fast as accumulated, but the entire amount within three years, being equivalent to more than

22 Per Cent. Per Annum;

after which it participates equally with all other stock in dividends. A tunnel in process of construction, opens and develops 18 of the company's mining claims at a depth of 600 to 850 feet from the surface, and is intended to connect all the veins and deposits of mineral in one outlet. The Company have also recently purchased the "Sir Charles" and "Red Lion, No. 1" mines, which are situated near Alma, Colorado, upon what is believed to be AS RICH A MINERAL BELT AS ANY IN THAT STATE, AND WHICH HAVE PRODUCED ORE YIELDING

$200.00 TO THE TON,

BY MILL RUNS. Work is progressing by night and day upon these mines with most satisfactory results. Since Nov. 1st, 1881, the character of the mineral has greatly improved, and it is believed the workmen are near the large veins or deposits of valuable ore, since which time the stock has steadily

Increased in value from $1.00 to $1.50 per Share.

65,000 shares have been disposed of, insuring the vigorous prosecution of the Company's enterprises, and

A Limited Amount is now offered at $1.50 per Share

until April 15th, 1882, when it WILL ADVANCE TO $1.75 PER SHARE, with continued advances thereafter as work progresses and rich deposits of mineral are reached. The par value of this stock is TEN DOLLARS per share, but it is sold at this low figure to procure money for machinery, continue work, produce ore for market, and carry out the company's purposes, the profits to be divided among the stockholders; and it is believed that this stock will not only advance TO ITS FULL PAR VALUE of $10 PER SHARE and pay

Frequent Dividends,

but that the Company will become one of the largest and richest mining corporations in the country. The company already has 18 mining claims, besides tunnel grounds, the latter being located and surveyed 3,000 feet in length and will extend upon each side of the tunnel line 700 feet along the course of mineral veins as cut and discovered; the whole comprising over 150 acres of rich mineral lands near Alma, Park county, Colorado, surrounded by several of the best paying mines in the State. Most of its officers named below have had a PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE in the mining districts of over 20 YEARS, and their ability and integrity is vouched for by leading business men and bankers.

Read an extract from "ZION'S HERALD," the leading Methodist paper of New England:

"*This Company has been fortunate in securing mining properties which give promise of great value. Men of means, intelligence, and influence are interested in its management, and will apply their time and energies to the development of the mines. We have the strongest assurance that the gentlemen managing this Company are not simply manufacturing stock for the market, but are inaugurating a LEGITIMATE MINING BUSINESS, and mean that their stock shall be a GOOD INVESTMENT for the purchaser.*"

"*Attention would not be called to this Company if we did not believe it was formed upon an HONEST AND PROPER BASIS, moving forward in a fair and legitimate manner. The Company own over 150 acres of mineral lands, which give promise of a profitable yield of precious metals when fully worked.*"

"*Their advertisement would not appear in our columns did we not believe that THE COMPANY IS MANAGED BY HONORABLE MEN, and that they are in a HONORABLE WAY trying to develop the value of mineral lands which they own.*"

"*The financial agent is Hiram Blaisdell, Esq., WHO ENJOYS THE CONFIDENCE OF BUSINESS MEN.*"

Mining, properly conducted, necessarily results in large profits. Colorado's bullion product, prior to 1881, is estimated at

$125,000,000,

while for 1881 it was nearly

$23,000,000,

which cost about 40 cents to the dollar to produce, **nearly 60 per cent. being divided among the mine owners as profits.**

Carefully prepared statistics show that 77 Mining Companies in the United States, representing 11,638,551 Shares of Stock, 160 OF WHICH ARE COLORADO COMPANIES, HAVE PAID in DIVIDENDS to its STOCKHOLDERS

$114,173,173,

or NEARLY TEN DOLLARS PER SHARE, demonstrating that Mining Securities ARE among the MOST PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS KNOWN.

Now, all cannot directly engage in mining, but, by a purchase of stock every man, woman and child can become interested in mining, and profit according to amount invested.

In these days of LOW INTEREST people are looking for a safe investment for unemployed money that will ensure large returns, which this company aims to furnish.

The guarantee of dividends and security mentioned above is printed upon each certificate of stock.

Subscriptions for stock may be sent to the Financial Agent in the following form or as near thereto as is convenient:

*I hereby subscribe for ..... shares of Preferred Treasury stock of the NEW ENGLAND AND COLORADO MINING, MILLING AND PROSPECTING COMPANY, at $1.50 per share, to be paid as follows: One-third, or the sum ..... dollars, is herewith enclosed, and the balance of ..... dollars is hereby made payable to H. BLAISDELL, Financial Agent, at his office, in Boston, in two equal instalments, at thirty and sixty days from this date. Stock to be delivered to me at each full instalment is paid.*

*Date.* *Signature.*

One-third the amount should accompany the order, and the balance paid in 30 and 60 days, and stock will be delivered as fast as payments are made. This enables purchasers to secure stock at $1.50 per share, affording time to raise money for the investment

BEFORE THE NEXT ADVANCE IN PRICE on April 15, 1882,

To $1.75 Per Share.

OFFICERS:

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MARK HODGSON, DENVER, COLORADO, 2d Vice-President, Mechanical and Mining Engineer.
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JOHN G. ANDERSON, DENVER, COL., Treasurer.
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*The best of references given on application.*

Make all communications and remittances to

HIRAM BLAISDELL, Financial Agent,
28 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of

Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness

a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed, is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address

DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our new Book,

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of to-day, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and, in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLAS BROS.,

51 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention this paper.

WE WILL SEND Without Charge.

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 32-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Mossy Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

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323 Market St., Phila., or, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

LADIES ONLY think, we will send 1 dozen elegant Fringed Table Napkins; 1 Autograph Album; 100 Album Verses; 6 Packets Assorted Novelties; 1 Specie Purse; and large Illustrated Family Story Paper three months, postpaid to any one who will cut this out and return to us with 45 cents; this is genuine but once. MISCELLANY PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.

DRUNKENNESS

EASILY CURED with THE DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD. LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A. R. R., Dwight, Ill. 3,000 cures. Book free.

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Clothing

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OAK HALL

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SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called Diamante Brilliants, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD RINGS. They stand the acid test, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced especially for the rich in the best society, and are really the only perfect substitutes ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to old mine diamonds of the first water. We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and should fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS

We can but low sizes of Diamante Brilliants—the Stud and Ring, each 1-karat gem, the stud 3-karats. They are not quite so large, but are sent to Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants, but we offer them as premiums for the Post. We are unwilling to sell the largest paper (but 15 in the country) and we propose to work for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such tremendous premiums we have nearly on the first year's subscriptions; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers our work is thrown away, and until next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our Diamante Brilliant Premiums, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will speak highly of the premiums, thus sustaining our patronage for many years. The new diamonds are most money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

Any one has no risk to run, can't afford to pretend of misrepresent. No premium present could be selected here anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we send The Saturday Evening Post one year—52 times, and any one of the Diamante Brilliants.

Two present them to be sold, gold (neither gilt nor gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud and Earrings, Free; or, for $6, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $8, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers needn't wait for one premium to sending $3 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. Note.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL, TRUENESS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its sixtieth year, and this offer should not be confounded with the bewildering promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and pasted. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It makes the whole field of a first-class family paper; the Fashion, Needlework, Firesides Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the home-circle, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never reduced its price, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express office or reputable firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in slip of paper or card board. Remittances should be made by post office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 726 Sansom St., Phila. Pa

GO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

# Humorous.

Shakspearean address to a bad egg: "Hens horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hens!"

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878.

GENTS—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 70 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. BOYCE.

It is curious that the pig must be killed before he can be cured.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and woman ever known. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkam, Lynn, Mass.

When a couple make up their minds to get married, it may be called a tie vote.

If you have any skin diseases or disease of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure, a sure, perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

Four hundred people are employed in the mint in this city, and all are making money.

**NERVOUS DEBILITY** and weakness, "Wells' Health Renewer" is greatest remedy. Druggists, $1.

A boil in the kettle is worth two on the nose. A corn on the ear is worth two on the toes.

**STINGING** irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1. per bottle.

Smudgkins says that when you see a cat put up her back and snarl at a plate of sausages, you may know they are genuine.

**DON'T DIE** in the house. Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats, mice, weasels, 15c.

A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride. $17.25 for ten visits.

### "The Doctor Told Me

to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am just as well as ever." Torpid kidneys and liver is the trouble, for which Kidney-Wort always proves to be the best remedy known.—Hartford Courant.


KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all Diseases of the

—LIVER.—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

DRY GOODS

BY MAIL!

OVER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION IN STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

"SHOPPING GUIDE" mailed free on application.

COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO.

Will mail FREE their Catalogue for 1882, containing a full descriptive Price-List of Flower, Field and Garden

SEEDS

Bulbs, Ornamental Grasses, and Immortelles, Gladiolus, Lilies, Roses, Plants, Garden Implements. Beautifully illustrated. Over 100 pages. Address

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179-183 East Main St. 200-206 Randolph St

HOW TO GET A WATCH FREE.

We make a special offer to every reader of this paper to send a copy of our splendid engraving "The Lord's Prayer," in tinted colors, size 22x28 inches, the BEST for the money ever published, for only 25c., if used to canvass with.

(Price has always been 50c.)

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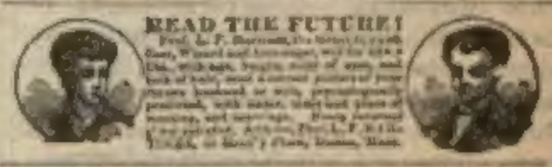

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION CHAT.

SEAL-BROWN cashmere still remains one of the favorite materials for walking dresses, combined with plush or velvet, one of the prettiest skirts for such a dress is in alternate panels of plain plush and pleated cashmere, a tablier of pleated cashmere being draped across the front, and cut up by bows of moire ribbon.

The paniers are of plush, falling low at the sides and forming the back drapery, the bodice being of cashmere, with coat-tails behind and short panels at the sides, falling over the paniers, and each containing a plush pocket.

Plush cuffs and collar, and a plush chapeau with strings of moire ribbon complete the costume.

But many walking-dresses and visiting costumes are now made of embroidery imitating Richelieu guipure.

A dress of myrtle-green cashmere has the square tablier embroidered all round in this manner with silk of the same color, over a plush skirt edged with satin pleatings.

The fronts of the corsage, cut out en cœur, are embroidered in the same manner over a plush waist-coat, the collar and cuffs being of the same exquisite embroidery, and completing a toilette of unrivalled elegance.

Black satin stripes alternating with white gros grain stripes in pleatings and flounces will be much used for the skirts of dresses that are otherwise made of black satin duchesse.

Three different widths of stripes are shown in new silks for this purpose, and the pleats are laid to show only the black satin on top, with glimpses of the white beneath each pleat, like a facing.

Entirely black stripes, or those of any one dark color, are very effective for pleated front breadths when stripes two and a half or three inches wide are woven alternately of moire and satin.

Each stripe is lapped to leave about an inch of its breadth visible as the pleat, making the satin and moire show alternately. This is sewed on the skirt foundation beneath the panier drapery, and covers the front breadth and one breadth on each side. The pleats are pressed flatly, and basted at intervals on the wrong side.

For dressy toilettes the mode is still to have the tablier, or front of the dress, a plain breadth of the most magnificent brocade or embroidery in gold and silk. Lace patterns, embroidered or woven with gold thread, are combined with flowers on rich satin grounds of different colors, and are, as will be readily believed, exceedingly rich and effective.

Embroidery and beading are both largely used on all the richest spring dresses. In Paris it is no unusual occurrence for a design to be made for a single dress and then destroyed, the design being arranged for each separate piece, and worked after the dress is cut out, and the same with beading. It is not unusual to see several kinds of beads used in a single trimming, not only as regards color but form—bugles, pearls, round, oval, and pear-shaped, used beads of all shades of color, gold and silver beads going to make up a single pattern. When these are worked on net, it is difficult to believe how such a frail foundation can support such weighty embroidery.

Spanish lace designs and large polka dots of plush or velvet on thin armure grounds are the novelties in grenadines. Great roses, leaves, and arabesques like those of Spanish lace are made entirely of plush, or else these figures are of lace-like meshes with thick edges, on the armure grenadines.

Directoire coats are not so much seen this year. They are set aside to make way for the more becoming polonaise, which can be made of any material and color, and be either plain or elaborately trimmed, and be worn with several skirts, as in days of yore.

There are black lace polonaise, and white lace polonaises, and black jetted cashmere polonaises, and white bugled polonaises and blue embroidered polonaises, and pink embroidered polonaises, which can all be worn over black velvet, silk, satin, or watered silk skirts.

Striped gauze and satin polonaises in white, black, and colors are worn over white, black, and colored skirts, making thus a variety of coloring, most charming in a social gathering.

Then, pointed cuirasse bodies are worn, which may match, or be in perfect contrast to the skirt, with which they are worn. Colored velvet, silk, satin, or watered silk bodies, are thus worn with white or black skirts, and black bodies are worn with white or colored skirts.

Polonaise effects are given to the fronts of dresses in order to form panier drapery without cutting the waist off as a basque. The straight fronts form two points as they are drawn back to be caught up in pleats at the side seams. The back is in polka style, being cut off about four inches below the waist line, and two fully draped breadths are added there beneath a great bow of satin.

I heard a lady ask a fashionable dressmaker the other day, what was the most fashionable color of the season?

"The color which suits you best," he answered; and this answer I retail to you, as it is a pearl, especially, as it comes from the most celebrated man-milliner of this age. Let it then be borne in mind whenever a new purchase of any kind has to be made.

Yellow, however, is very much worn, and it is mostly becoming to all, whether dark or fair, notwithstanding the idea that it does not suit blondes.

There is a golden yellow, that is quite as becoming to fair hair, as it is to the olive-browed beauty, just as there is a particular shade of blue that is more suitable to dark complexions than to fair ones.

Many ladies, now affect an extreme simplicity in their morning walking dresses, even those who wear the most superb materials as evening, reception, or visiting dresses; a quite, simply-made toilette of limousine being the most general. Still many reception dresses, without being very rich, are very elegant, like the following toilet of myrtle-green cashmere and old-gold satin.

The round skirt of cashmere is deeply crenelated at the edge, each crenelation being turned back to show the lining of old-gold satin, the openings being filled up with a pleating of the same. The cashmere tunic is extremely graceful, hanging low on the right side, but cut up high on the left hip, the edge being turned back in a wide revers to show the old gold lining; a wide cashmere scarf, lined with old-gold satin, and edged with a pleating of the same is tied in a bow in front, it encircles the hips, and is draped behind, turned back here and there to show the lining.

The corsage, the basques of which are partly hidden beneath the scarf, is open over a satin waistcoat, the fronts being edged with a cashmere pleating lined with satin, a pleating of cashmere forming a heading; this ornament edges the neck; the paraments are partly of satin, partly of cashmere.

Another elegant dress is of seal-brown cashmere, the round skirt being edged with pleated satin; in front are three bouillonnes, each separated by a pleated satin flounce.

The corsage, of cashmere, has short points back and front with added pleated basques of satin drawn back to form paniers, which are richly looped behind.

The neck of the corsage is cut out square, the opening being filled by a puffed chemisette of satin, a large collar, high in the neck, forming revers to the chemisette. The tight-fitting elbow sleeves have reversed cuffs of satin.

The new bonnet shapes are not new, but like those of last year, showing longer pokes, wider brimmed round hats, and small capotes. The pokes have crowns of various shapes—round, tapering, and almost square—while the fronts project upward so high that the fashion of trimming next the face will have to be resorted to in order to fill up this great space. There are small clusters of fine flowers to be used for this purpose, stuck about irregularly in the way seen in the bonnets of a hundred years ago.

There are also three-quarter wreaths that are to be worn just across the upper part of the inside brim of pokes, and to be placed at will, as best becomes the wearer's face, on the new round hats. These trials of flowers are also to be put on the outside of dressy small bonnets, almost covering one side of them, while on the other side will be clusters of ostrich feathers. Rather small flowers are imported, although milliners predict that the large crushed roses and other double flowers without foliage will be used. For medium small bonnets the coronet fronts are used, and there are some pokes that have the edge of the brim rolled back like a coronet.

## Fireside Chat.

### SHADES.

INGENUITY may be exercised in making a cut-paper shade, which, though less durable, is as really pretty as any which can be bought. Take a sheet of tissue paper white, pale yellow or orange, pink, or indeed of any color excepting blue, brown, violet, or black—and cut it into a circle, with round hole in the middle the exact size of the chimney. Fold the segments tightly, double them, and then fold them again. Cut the outer edge into waves, vandykes, or any forms preferred; and if the shade is to be very elaborate, snip these again into the scallops. The intended pattern may now be traced on one fold of the segments, or over the whole paper; but as, from their being folded, both sides will come out exactly alike, it may almost be left to chance. All being prepared, the work of cutting the pattern begins.

A pair of sharp fine scissors being used, the pattern must begin from the inner circle, not cutting the outer edge of this at all, but commencing about half an inch inside it. If no sketch has been made, the scissors may be turned in any direction, always, however, keeping the cutting within half an inch of the opposite fold of the segment, and it is best to cut from each side alternately. The smaller, in reason, is the pattern, the prettier will the shade be; and in carrying it down it must be remembered that, if too much of the paper is cut away, the purpose of a shade will be defeated. It will soon be found that, as the circle gets wider, it will be impossible to continue one cutting across the segment.

It will, therefore, be better to make small open patterns down each side of it alternately, and then to make a fresh fold in the plain part in the centre, cutting it again, and even yet fresh folds, as the outer edge is reached. When the whole is finished, the edges may all be snipped into little scallops, which adds to the labor, but adds also greatly to the effect.

An advantage may be found in tracing the whole of the paper before cutting it at all, in its obviating the difficulty of snipping through so many thicknesses at once, because the folds can be taken merely double; but, on the other hand, a pattern traced all at once must be drawn with mathematical exactness, which takes care of itself when many folds are cut together.

Inquiry is sometimes made for ways of utilising bright autumnal leaves, or dried ferns or seaweeds. These may all be arranged to ornament lamp shades, the first and the last, from their transparency and vivid coloring, being especially suited for the purpose. Shades so ornamented may be made as follows: The pattern must be taken from any of the expanding or folding shades that may be preferred, and a sufficient number of cards for the divisions must be cut of cardboard, two cards for each. Tinted cardboard of a grey, pale neutral-green tint, is better than white. In the centre of each card an opening must be cut—oval, oblong, or any shape suitable. A piece larger by half an inch each way, but of the same shape as the opening, must now be cut out of tracing calico or tracing paper, and carefully secured to the inside of each division with strong gum tragacanth. Upon this the dried flowers, leaves, or seaweeds must be arranged, securing them by brushing them over at the back evenly with the same gum, and pressing them down quite firmly till dry. Over each must now be fastened a piece of tracing paper, white tarlatan, or, best of all, lisse, of the same size as the foundation, by gumming it round the edges as before; and lastly, the outer division is placed over it, fitting the opening exactly. When all are completed, the divisions are laced together with fine cord.

Paper shades of any shape may also be ornamented at home with silhouettes, one scene (such as a hunt) being carried round the whole. Very pretty silhouette designs may be made by merely filling in the outlines of sprays or leaves, especially of climbing plants, the leaves covering the whole space, as if they were cast shadows. Should these be used, the effect of filling them in with neutral tint, or mixed or "Payne's grey," is better than that of using black. Some of the larger leaves should be darker than the rest, and some of the smaller as light as possible; all stems should be dark.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—In the reign of James I., men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. At feasts, every guest brought his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered.

In 1564, a Dutchman, brought the first coach into England; and, it is said, the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crab shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil.

Smoothing irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of scripture, were used for that purpose. In 1631, two rich women desired to marry the Earl of Huntington for the sake of the title. One of them offered to lay down $100,000 on the day of her marriage. The other offered $2500 a year during his life, and $30,000 in cash, he to go with her to the church and marry her; immediately after the ceremony, they were to take leave at the church door, and never to see each other again. In Clarendon's papers, is the following: "At Henley, upon Thames, a woman, speaking against taxation imposed by parliament, was ordered by the committee to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the way-side, on a market-day, which was accordingly done, and a paper, in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her crime, fixed to her back."

PRESBYTERIAN BLUE is the deepest and latest shade of that color.

# Correspondence.

MARY, (McPherson, Kans.)—If the young man "told you a story" once, he would be very likely to do the same thing over again. Let him go his own way.

STICKLER, (Richland, Ky.)—Either in speaking to or speaking of the three sisters, address the eldest as Miss H., and the other two as Miss Mary and Miss Louise.

OLIVIA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Annie means gracious; Mary, bitter; Mabel, lovely; Alice, noble; Arthur, a strong man; Maurice, Latin, sprung of a Moor; Millicent, Saxon, speaking mild.

O. J. F., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"Meminerunt omnia amantes" is from Ovid, and implies that lovers have long memories; that is to say, they never forget anything said or done by one another.

LIVINIA, (Meigs, Tenn.)—Poets are born, not made, as the phrase runs; but this means only that they are born with genius, which might blush unseen if it were not informed by observation and enlightened by study.

LENA, (Tipton, Ind.)—President Arthur has been married, but is now a widower. Presidents Jackson, Van Buren and Johnson were widowers all through their respective terms. Tyler was a widower, but got married before his term expired. Buchanan was a bachelor.

INQUIRER.—No. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. That is, if a subscriber sends $3.00 for POST one year and Diamante premium, he or she cannot get the picture by adding fifteen cents. To get the picture, you must send an additional subscription.

SAUCY MAY, (Baton Rouge, La.)—No; you ought not to go walking with a gentleman unknown to your parents or guardians, the more so, seeing you know nothing about him, and he wanted to kiss you the first night. His conduct towards you is disreputable. Give him up at once.

MAME, (Volusia, Fla.)—It seems that you have treated the young man very badly. The best thing now is to be perfectly frank. Write a note, asking him to come and see you, and if you find out that he has ceased to love you, reflect that you deserve to lose what you could not make up your mind to take when it was offered to you.

JEANNETTE, (Potter, Pa.)—We have answered the question a hundred times, but suppose we must answer it again for a hundred and one. Some writers maintain that genuine love is spontaneous, which means about the same as "love at first sight." It is probable that no absolute rule can be laid down on the subject that would hold good in every case.

BLUE EYES, (Knox, O.)—When you are in a small company, and the conversation is general, speak loud enough for all to hear; and never allow yourself to lower your tone and whisper something to one or two. This is to say, "We have things here among ourselves with which those fellows are not to be trusted, or which they could not understand." Take another time for such communications.

J. F. K. T., (Palatka, Fla.)—1. Young men who talk "nonsense all the time to young ladies" are fools or knaves. The quiet young man you describe is much to be preferred. 2. There is no impropriety in a young man carrying a young lady's umbrella "when they are out for a walk." 3. It would not be proper for a young lady to ask a young man for his photograph, unless they were well acquainted.

BERTHA, (Montgomery, Ga.)—We cannot, any more than yourself, explain why a young man should stand and talk with a young woman as four when alone, and when anyone is with him refuse to take any notice of her. But this we do know, that were we in the place of the young woman, we should take care not to speak to him when alone. "Cut" him altogether. He means no good by you, behaving in this manner.

BRUNSWICK, (Page, Ia.)—We see nothing in the young man's conduct to censure. Unless you have another offer from a man you like better, and you feel as if you would not be safe to trust your happiness to this young gentleman's keeping, we should advise you to do nothing in the matter, but to wait, until he pops the question. Do not get impatient, for if you do, and he finds it out, your chances of marriage are slight.

JULIA, (Litchfied, Conn.)—The way to purify the water in your cistern is this:—First, get the remains of the rat out; then drop into the well or cistern a large lump of unslaked lime, lower into it a large coarse sack filled with charcoal, pump out the water, and when your well or cistern fills up again the water will be sweet. Do not drink the impure water—it will be likely to cause fatal fever; and do not leave it where it can leak back into the same receptacle.

M. T., (Morrow, O.)—Put the case another way. Suppose the young lady to whom you are engaged had gone to the country for a visit, and there made the acquaintance of some young man, and entered into a correspondence with him. "Just to keep up the acquaintance," what would you think of her conduct? If you should give it your approval you would be an exception to lovers in general. You should apply the same rule to your own conduct that you would apply to hers.

JAMES W., (Ulster, N. Y.)—We have no personal experience of the kind you mention, but we think we cannot be far wrong when we say that the reason that thoroughly dried bread when taken from the oven does not burn one's nose if touched to the latter, while a loaf not thoroughly done will burn, is that the latter burns because it is moist and sticky, and adheres to the nose; while the thoroughly baked loaf is dry, and does not adhere. But, as we have said, we do not speak from experience. In Philadelphia streets there are unpleasant experiences enough for a man's nose, without touching it to hot bread.

REMBRANDT, (Delaware, Ind.)—Strictly speaking, a young lady is, so far as her relations with young gentlemen of good character are concerned, free to do as she likes until she becomes engaged. But good taste and good morals equally demand, that though a lady is not engaged, she should not only speak the truth, but also act the truth. Therefore, if the young gentleman with whom you are keeping up a correspondence has reason to believe from your letters that you are receiving the attentions of no other gentleman, you are acting a lie in walking out with other gentlemen as you do. Do not do behind the absent one's back what you would not do if he were present. 2. If a young lady believes in the honor of the man to whom she is willing to engage herself—and no young lady, who is not a fool, would engage herself to any other—his word is sufficient.